

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1884.

## FREEDOM.

### 1.

O THOU so fair in summers gone,  
While yet thy fresh and virgin soul  
Inform'd the column'd Parthenon,  
The glittering Capitol;

### 2.

So fair in southern sunshine bathed,  
But scarce of such majestic mien  
As here with forehead vapour-swathed  
In meadows ever green;

### 3.

For thou—when Athens reign'd and Rome,  
Thy glorious eyes were dimm'd with pain  
To mark in many a freeman's home  
The slave, the scourge, the chain;

## 4.

O follower of the Vision, still  
In motion to the distant gleam,  
Howe'er blind force and brainless will  
May jar thy golden dream,

## 5.

Who, like great Nature, wouldst nor mar  
By changes all too fierce and fast  
This order of our Human Star,  
This heritage of the past ;

## 6.

O scorner of the party cry  
That wanders from the public good,  
Thou—when the nations rear on high  
Their idol smear'd with blood,

## 7.

And when they roll their idol down—  
Of saner Worship sanely proud ;  
Thou loather of the lawless crown  
As of the lawless crowd ;

## 8.

How long thine ever-growing mind  
Hath still'd the blast and strown the wave,  
Tho' some of late would raise a wind  
To sing thee to thy grave,

9.

Men loud against all forms of power—

Unfurnish'd brows, tempestuous tongues—

Expecting all things in an hour—

Brass mouths and iron lungs!

TENNYSON.

1884.

## STYLE AND MISS AUSTEN.

By this publication of a newly-discovered collection of Miss Austen's letters, Miss Austen's great-nephew has done her as ill a turn as it is in anybody's power to do to the author of *Pride and Prejudice*. The name of one of the nimblest, quickest, and least tiresome of mortals has been perforce associated with two volumes of half-edited matter, with letters of which she herself would never have authorised the publication, with family pedigrees of which she would have been the first person to feel the boredom and the incongruity, and literary criticisms of a kind to have set that keen wit of hers moving in its most trenchant fashion. When Lord Brabourne came into possession of those bundles of his great-aunt's letters which Mr. Austen Leigh, her first biographer, believed to have been lost, the temptation to make use of them in some way was no doubt irresistible. The virtue of literary reticence is fast becoming extinct; we have almost indeed forgotten that it is a virtue at all. To be able to persuade oneself that the world could possibly do without information which it is in one's power to give it, implies now a strength of mind so abnormal and so rare, that a modern instance of it is scarcely to be found. And the old distinction between public and private life, which still held firmly in the days when Jane Austen and Miss Ferrier refused to give their names to any production of their pens—the old personal reserve, which still forms part of the continental idea of the typical Englishman—have been so rapidly swept away during the last generation, that it would be absurd nowadays to expect of any inheritor of a great writer's correspondence that he should form the same sort of strict judgment on its claims to publication which would

have been natural and possible a hundred or even fifty years ago. Taste is laxer, the public easier to please, and book-making more profitable. A modern editor of unpublished documents, by the nature of things, approaches his task in a more prodigal frame of mind. The whole mood of the present day is one of greater indulgence towards what may be called the personal side of letters than used to be the case with our grandfathers; and the seven volumes which Mr. Froude has devoted to the Carlyles, and which, under all the circumstances, would have been a scandal in the days of Southey and Scott, will perhaps be accepted later on as marking the highest point of a tendency which has been long gathering strength and may not improbably soon have to fight against reaction.

Lord Brabourne, then, hardly deserves serious blame for not deciding as Mr. Austen Leigh would have probably decided twenty years ago, that the newly-discovered correspondence threw practically no fresh light on Miss Austen's personality, and, with half-a-dozen exceptions, which might have seen the light in a review, had therefore better be reserved for that family use for which it was originally intended; but he might at least have set some bounds to his confidence in the public. One small volume of these letters, carefully chosen and skilfully edited, would have been pleasant reading enough. They might have been used as illustrations of the novels, of the country society or the class relations of eighty years ago, and a few short explanations of the identity of the persons most frequently mentioned in them would have made them sufficiently intelligible to the general reader. As it is, the letters of the last fifteen years of Jane Austen's life



dull the edge of whatever gentle enjoyment the reader may have derived from the sprightliness of the earlier ones, while the one literary merit which the collection possesses, its lightness and airiness of tone, is lost in the ponderous effect of the introductory chapters, with their endless strings of names and wandering criticisms on the novels. Such editorial performance as this makes one sigh once more for a more peremptory critical standard than any we possess in England. What English *belles-lettres* of the present day want more than anything else is a more widely diffused sense of obligation among the cultivators of them—obligation, if one must put it pedantically, to do the best a man can with his material, and to work in the presence of the highest ideals and achievements of his profession.

There are, however, in these volumes a few letters which were worth printing, and which do help to complete the picture already existing of Jane Austen. These are the letters written between 1796 and 1799, that is to say, during the period which witnessed the composition of *Pride and Prejudice*, *Sense and Sensibility*, and *Northanger Abbey*. Jane Austen at the time was a pretty, lively girl, very fond of dancing, deeply interested in dress, and full of the same naïf interest in the other sex with which Catherine Morland started on her Bath travels. The whole tone indeed of this early correspondence with her sister reminds one of an older and shrewder Catherine, and the ways of seeing and describing to which they bear witness are exactly those to which we owe the unflagging liveliness and gaiety of the two famous books in which the adventures of Catherine and of Elizabeth Bennett are set forth. *Northanger Abbey* especially, gay, sparkling, and rapid as it is from beginning to end, is the book in which the bright energy of Jane Austen's youth finds its gayest and freshest expression. *Pride and Prejudice* is witty and sparkling too, but it probably went through many

a heightening and polishing process during the fifteen years which elapsed between the time when it was written and the time when it appeared in print; and although a great deal of it may represent the young Jane Austen, the style as a whole bears marks certainly of a fuller maturity than had been reached by the writer of *Northanger Abbey*. It is in the story of Catherine Morland that we get the inimitable literary expression of that exuberant girlish wit, which expressed itself in letters and talk and harmless flirtations before it took to itself literary shape, and it is pleasant to turn from the high spirits of that delightful book to some of the first letters in this collection, and so to realise afresh, by means of such records of the woman, the perfect spontaneity of the writer. Any one who has ever interested himself in the impulsive little heroine, who was as nearly plain as any heroine dared to be before Jane Eyre, but whose perfect good-humour and frankness won the heart of her Henry, will feel that in one or two of these newly-printed letters he comes very near to the secret of Catherine's manufacture.

Here, for instance, is a picture, pieced together from passages of different dates, of Jane Austen in a frame of mind which has something of Catherine Morland and something of Elizabeth Bennett in it, though it is a little too satirical and conscious for the one, and perhaps a trifle too frivolous for the other. Tom Lefroy, the hero of the little episode, lived to be Chief Justice of Ireland, and only died in 1854.

The first extract occurs in a letter written from Steventon in January, 1796:—

"You scold me so much in the nice long letter which I have this moment received from you, that I am almost afraid to tell you how my Irish friend and I behave. Imagine to yourself everything most profligate and shocking in the way of dancing and sitting down together. I can expose myself, however, only once more, because he leaves the country soon after next

Friday, on which day we are to have a dance at Ashe after all. He is a very gentlemanly, good-looking, pleasant young man, I assure you. But as to our having ever met, except at the three last balls, I cannot say much; for he is so excessively laughed at about me at Ashe, that he is ashamed of coming to Steventon, and ran away when we called on Mrs. Lefroy a few days ago. . . .

"After I had written the above, we received a visit from Mr. Tom Lefroy and his cousin George. The latter is really very well-behaved now; and as for the other he has but *one* fault, which time will, I trust, entirely remove—it is that his morning coat is a great deal too light. He is a very great admirer of Tom Jones, and therefore wears the same coloured clothes, I imagine, which *he* did when he was wounded. . . . Our party to Ashe to-morrow night will consist of Edward Cooper, James (for a ball is nothing without him), Buller, who is now staying with us, and I. I look forward with great impatience to it, as I rather expect to receive an offer from my friend in the course of the evening.

"I shall refuse him however, unless he promises to give away his white coat. . . . Tell Mary that I make over Mr. Heartley and all his estate to her for her sole use and benefit in future, and not only him, but all my other admirers into the bargain, wherever she can find them, even the kiss which C. Powlett wanted to give me, as I mean to confine myself in future to Mr. Tom Lefroy, for whom I don't care sixpence. Assure her also as a last and indubitable proof of Warren's indifference to me that he actually drew that gentleman's picture for me, and delivered it to me without a sigh!

"*Friday* (the day of the Ashe ball). At length the day has come on which I am to flirt my last with Tom Lefroy, and when you receive this it will be over. My tears flow as I write at the melancholy idea."

Slight, however, as the relation was,

it seems to have been more durable than the signs of frail vitality about it would have led one to expect. It is not till two years later that Jane Austen herself gives it its *coup de grace* in her light characteristic way. She describes a visit paid by Tom Lefroy's aunt to Steventon, in which the nephew's name was never once mentioned to Jane herself, "and I was too proud to make any inquiries; but on my father's asking where he was, I learnt that he was gone back to London, on his way to Ireland, where he is called to the bar, and means to practise." And then—alas! for the faithfulness of woman—she flies off to describe the position in which things are with regard to an unnamed *friend* of Mr. Lefroy's, who had evidently taken his place in her thoughts, and was rapidly succeeding to that full measure of indifference which appears to have been the ultimate portion of all Jane's admirers. "There is less love and more sense in it than sometimes appeared before," she says provokingly, describing a letter from this unknown aspirant—"and I am very well satisfied. It will all go on exceedingly well, and decline away in a very reasonable manner."

There are a good many other touches in these girlish letters that give one glimpses, as it were, into the workshop which produced the novels. "Mr. Richard Harvey," she says on one occasion, "is going to be married; but as it is a great secret, and only known to half the neighbourhood, you must not mention it. The lady's name is Musgrave." Again, "We have been very gay since I wrote last, dining at Hackington, returning by moonlight and everything quite in style, including Mr. Claringbould's funeral which we saw go by on Sunday." Or, "If you should ever see Lucy, you may tell her that I scolded Miss Fletcher for her negligence in writing, as she desired me to do, but without being able to bring her to any proper sense of shame; that Miss Fletcher says in her defence, that as everybody whom

Lucy knew when she was in Canterbury has now left it, she has nothing at all to write to her about. By *everybody*, I suppose Miss Fletcher means that a new set of officers has arrived there. But this is a note of my own." Or again, with mocking reference to some of those pomposities of authorship which she ridicules in *Northanger Abbey*—"I am very much flattered by your commendation of my last letter, for I write only for fame, and without any view to pecuniary emolument." Her lively pen touches everybody in turn. One feels there may have been something formidable in a daughter who could put together with a few strokes so suggestive an outline as this:—"My mother continues hearty; her appetite and nights are very good, but she sometimes complains of an asthma, a dropsy, water in her chest and a liver disorder." And it is characteristic that even her letters of grief, after the death of a favourite sister-in-law, are broken within the first fortnight by some flashes of terse satire on the affairs of the neighbourhood.

Some little pleasure and entertainment then may be gleaned, by those who already know their Miss Austen, from the first dozen letters or so of this collection. They fill up a gap in Mr. Austen Leigh's book. The turn of phrase is generally light and happy; and they enable us to realise something of that buoyant and yet critical enjoyment of life, of which the six novels were the direct outcome. But after all, there is very little personal or literary distinction in them; the judgment of an unfriendly Frenchman would probably find that note of "commonness" in them which Madame de Staël insisted in attributing to *Pride and Prejudice*. And commonness indeed there is, using the word, that is to say, not in any strong or disagreeable sense, but simply as opposed to distinction, charm, aroma, or any of those various words by which one tries to express that magical personal quality of which Madame de

Sévigné is the typical representative in literature. And even the gaiety and moderate felicity of phrase which beguiled one through the earlier letters disappears from the later correspondence. The writer of it indeed is the same kindly, blameless, and gently humorous person as the Jane Austen of 1796, but whereas at twenty-one Jane Austen's letters were like her novels, and therefore may be said to possess some slight claim to belong to literature, by thirty-one they had become the mere ordinary chit-chat of the ordinary gentlewoman, with no claims whatever to publication or remembrance beyond the family circle. Lord Brabourne's book indeed only impresses upon us with fresh force what was already fairly well-known—that broadly speaking, the whole *yield* of Jane Austen's individuality is to be found in her novels. There are a certain number of facts about her which help to explain her books, and which are of use to the student of the psychological side of letters, but these were already within everybody's reach, so that the collection printed by Lord Brabourne is as a whole neither amusing nor sufficiently instructive to make it worth publication.

The triviality of the letters is easily explained. No circumstances were ever less favourable than Jane Austen's to good letter-writing. She possessed one literary instrument which she used with extraordinary skill and delicacy—the instrument of critical observation as applied to the commoner types and relations of human life. Within the limits fixed for her by temperament and circumstances she brought it to bear with unrivalled success, success which has placed her amongst English classics. But she was practically a stranger to what one may call, without pedantry, the world of ideas. The intellectual and moral framework of her books is of the simplest and most conventional kind. The author of *Corinne*, placed as she was in the very centre of the European stress and tumult, might well think

them too tame and commonplace to be read. Great interests, great questions, were life and breath to Madame de Staël as they were to her successor George Sand. She realised the continuity of human history, the great fundamental laws and necessities underlying all the outward tangle and complication. And it was this insight, this far-reaching sympathy, which gave her such power over her time, and made her personality and her thoughts "incalculably diffusive." Meanwhile Jane Austen, in her Hampshire home, seems to have lived through the stormiest period of modern European history without being touched by any of the large fears and hopes, or even strongly impressed by any of the dramatic characters or careers in which it abounded. Though the letters extend from 1796 to 1817, there is barely a mention of politics in them, except in some small personal connection, and of the literary forces of the time—Goethe, Byron, Wordsworth—there is hardly a trace. Even when she comes to London, though we have an occasional bare record of a visit to a theatre, we still hear of nothing except sisters, cousins, neighbours, the price of "Irish," and the new fashions in caps. And for the rest, Kent and Hampshire, with their county families, their marryings and christenings, their dancings and charities, are the only world she knows or cares to know. She never seems to have had a literary acquaintance, or to have desired to make one. While Miss Ferrier's wits were quickened by the give and take of Edinburgh society in its best days, and Miss Edgeworth found herself welcomed with extravagant flattery on the Continent as the representative of English culture, all the literary influence that Jane Austen ever experienced was due to her father, and all the literary influence she ever personally exerted was brought to bear upon a novel-writing niece. No doubt if she had lived a little longer things would have been different. When she died, at the age of forty-

one, her books had already brought her some fame, and friends would have followed. As it was, her circle of interests, both intellectual and personal, was a narrower one than that of any other writer we can remember with the same literary position.

In spite, however, of her narrow *Weltanschauung*, and her dearth of literary relationships, Jane Austen is a classic, and *Pride and Prejudice* will probably be read when *Corinne*, though not its author, is forgotten. Her life is a striking proof that a great novelist may live without a philosophy, and die without ever having belonged to a literary *coterie*. But out of the stuff of which the life was composed it was impossible to make a good letter-writer. To be a good letter-writer a man or woman must either have ideas, or sentiments strong enough to take the place of ideas, or knowledge of and contact with what is intrinsically interesting and important. Jane Austen had none of these. The graphic portraiture of men and women seen from the outside, in which she excelled, was not possible in letters. It required more freedom, more elbow-room than letters could give. Jane Austen, in describing real people, found herself limited by the natural scruples of an amiable and gentle nature. There was a short time when the exuberance of her talent overflowed a little into her correspondence. But it soon came to an end, and for the rest of her life Jane Austen's letters were below rather than above the average in interest, point, and charm.

Miss Austen's novels are a well-worn subject. We have all read her, or ought to have read her; we all know what Macaulay and what Scott thought of her; and the qualities of her humour, the extent of her range have been pointed out again and again. Perhaps, after all, however, it may be still worth while to try and face the question which these disappointing letters bring home to one. How was it that, with all her lack of

knowledge and of ideas, and with her comparative lack of passion, which so often supplies the place of both, Jane Austen accomplished work so permanent and so admirable? What is it, in a word, which makes *Pride and Prejudice* and *Northanger Abbey* English classics, while the books of her contemporaries, Miss Ferrier and Miss Edgeworth, have practically lost their hold upon our sympathies, and are retreating year by year into a dimmer background? There are two kinds of qualities which go to the making of a classic. There are the qualities of expansion and the qualities of concentration. The great books of the world are rich in both. If you compare Chaucer's and Gower's treatment of the same theme—the subject of the *Man of Lawes Tale*, for instance—you will see not only that Chaucer's treatment is light and rapid where Gower's is heavy and prolix, but that Chaucer knew where, as the French would say, to “lean,” where to dwell, where to expand. You may trace this poetic expansion at work in all the great moments or crises of the story. Gower plods on through the trial of Constance for the murder of Dame Hermengild, and through the various incidents which accompany it, with no variation of tone or pace. Chaucer, when he has brought Constance face to face with her enemies, pauses, as any true poet would, and lets the tragedy of the situation penetrate himself and his readers.

“Have ye not seyn sometye a palé face  
Among a pree, of him that hath be lad  
Toward his deth, wher as him gat no grace,  
And swich a colour in his face hath had,  
Men mighte knowe his face, that was  
bistad  
Amonges alle the faces in that route :  
So stant Custance, and looketh hir aboute.

O queenēs, lyuing in prosperitee  
Duchesses, and ladyēs euerich one  
Haueth some rewthe on hir aduersitee ;  
An emperourēs daughter stant allone ;  
She hath no wight to whom to make hir  
mone.  
O blood roial ! that stondest in this drede,  
Fer ben thy frendēs at thy gretē nede !”

And a little further on there is a still more striking instance of it, in the exquisite scene between Constance and her child before she is turned adrift on the Northumbrian coast. As for the qualities of condensation they may be traced in the *Troilus and Cressid* as compared with the *Filostrato* and in the *Knights Tale*, and elsewhere. But the qualities of expansion develop first in the literary history of the world ; those of concentration come later, and the human mind takes longer to fashion the instruments which fit and display them. Although a great writer will have both in some measure, the proportion in which he possesses them will depend upon his date. The progress of literary expression during the last two hundred years has on the whole, and making due allowance for the vast stores of new material which have found their way into literature since Rousseau, been a progress towards concentration. Literature tends more and more to become a kind of shorthand. The great writers of this generation take more for granted than the great writers of the last, and the struggle to avoid commonplace and repetition becomes more and more diffused. The mind of the modern writer is on the whole most anxiously concerned with this perpetual necessity for omission, for compression. It will never describe if it can suggest, or argue if it can imply. The first condition of success in letters is nowadays to avoid vapouring, and to wage war upon those platitudes we all submit to with so much cheerful admiration in our Richardson or our *Spectator*.

It was her possession of the qualities of condensation that made Jane Austen what she was. Condensation in literary matters means an exquisite power of choice and discrimination—a capacity for isolating from the vast mass of detail which goes to make up human life just those details and no others which will produce a desired effect and blend into one clear and harmonious whole. It implies the



determination to avoid everything cheap and easy—cheapness in sentiment, in description, in caricature. In matters of mere language it means the perpetual effort to be content with one word rather than two, the perpetual impulse to clip and prune rather than expand and lengthen. And if to this temper of self-restraint you add the imagination which seizes at once upon the most effective image or detail and realises at a glance how it will strike a reader, and a spontaneous interest in men and women as such, you have arrived at the component parts of such a gift as Jane Austen's. Nothing impresses them more strongly upon the reader than a comparison of her work with that of her slightly younger contemporary, Miss Ferrier. Miss Ferrier had a great deal of humour, some observation, and a store of natural vigour which made her novels welcome to the generation of Scott and Byron. Stronger expressions of praise were used to her and about her than ever seem to have suggested themselves to any contemporary admirer of Miss Austen, and the author of *Marriage* was encouraged to believe that her work would rank with that of Scott as a representation of Scottish life and manners. But we who read Miss Ferrier with an interval of fifty years between us and her can judge the proportions of things more clearly. Miss Ferrier is scarcely read now, except for the sake of satisfying a literary curiosity, and will gradually drop more and more out of reading. And it is very easy to understand why, if one does but approach her books with these qualities of expansion and concentration which go to make up a classic in one's mind. She has little or no faculty of choice, nothing is refused that presents itself; reflections, love-making, incident, are all superabundant and second rate. Everything is done to death, whether it is Miss Pratt's bustle, or Lady Juliana's finery, or Mr. McDow's brutality, and as for the sentiment—these reflections from the first volume

of the *Inheritance* are a fair average specimen of it.

"Ah," thought Gertrude, 'how willingly would I renounce all the pomp of greatness to dwell here in lowly affection with one who would love me and whom I could love in return. How strange that I, who could cherish the very worm that crawls beneath my feet, have no one being to whom I could utter the thoughts of my heart, no one on whom I could bestow its best affections!' Sheraised her eyes, swimming in tears to heaven, but it was in the poetic enthusiasm of feeling, not in the calm spirit of devotion!"

There is no particular reason why writing of this kind should ever stop; there is nothing intimate and living in it, none of that wrestle of the artist with experience which is the source of all the labours and all the trials of art; it is all conventional, traditional, *hearsay* in fact. The qualities of concentration are altogether wanting. But now, put side by side with Gertrude's sentiment or Mrs. Sinclair's remorse, some of the mental history of Jane Austen's *dramatis personæ*, and the gulf which this marvellous choosing faculty digs between one writer and another will be plain at once. Anne Eliot, in *Persuasion*, has arrived at the critical moment of her fate. The man whom she had rejected seven years before has reappeared upon the scene, and as soon as she is brought in contact with him all lesser affections and inclinations, which had been filling up the time of his absence, disappear. Others might have had a chance if he had remained away, but his return, his neighbourhood, rouses a feeling which sweeps all before it. This is the situation. We may imagine, if Miss Ferrier had had to deal with it, how she would have spun it out; with what raptures, what despairs, what appeals to heaven she would have embroidered it! But Jane Austen at once seizes upon the vital points of it, and puts them before us, at first with a sober truth, and then

with a little rise into poetry, which is a triumph of style.

"There was much regret," she says, in her analysis of Anne's feelings towards the man she had resolved to sacrifice to her old lover. "How she might have felt had there been no Captain Wentworth in the case is not worth inquiring; for there was a Captain Wentworth, and be the conclusion of the present suspense good or bad, her affection would be his for ever. Their union, she believed, could not divide her more from other men than their final separation. Prettier musings of high-wrought love and eternal constancy could never have passed along the streets of Bath than Anne was sporting with from Camden Place to Westgate Buildings. It was almost enough to spread purification and perfume all the way." How terse it is, how suggestive, how free from vulgarity and commonplace!

Another striking instance of this choosing instinct of hers is the description of Darcy's place, Pemberley, in *Pride and Prejudice*. There, although there is scarcely any descrip-

tion at all, every stroke of the pen is so managed that any reader with ordinary attention may realise, if he pleases, the whole lie of the park, the look of the house, as Elizabeth surveyed it from the opposite side of the ravine above which it stood, the relative positions of the lawns, stables, and woods. Anybody with a turn that way could sketch it with ease, and yet there is no effort, no intention to describe, nothing but a clear and vivid imagination working with that self-restraint, that concentration, which is the larger half of style. This self-restraint indeed is her important, her determining quality. In other ways she has great deficiencies. For fine instances of the qualities of expansion we must go elsewhere than to Jane Austen. Emotion, inspiration, glow, and passion are not hers; she is a small, thin classic. But classic she is; for her work is a typical English embodiment of those drier and more bracing elements of style in which French literature has always been rich, and our own perhaps comparatively poor.

M. A. W.

## PROFIT AND LOSS AT OXFORD.

*"Ubi sunt novem?"*

HERE is the picture which the author of the *History of the English People* drew of Oxford in the thirteenth century:—"Thousands of boys huddled in bare lodging-houses, clustering round teachers as poor as themselves in church porches, drinking, quarrelling, dicing, begging at the corners of the streets!" But, he adds with a scholarly pride, "the son of the noble stood on precisely the same footing with the poorest mendicant among Oxford scholars. Wealth, physical strength, skill in arms, pride of ancestry and blood, went for nothing in Oxford class-rooms. The university was a state absolutely self-governed, and whose citizens were admitted by a purely intellectual franchise. Knowledge made 'the master.'"

Such a republic of letters was no doubt in its way admirable. But with regard to admittance to this aristocracy of learning there is no question even in the retrograde nineteenth century, as I conclude Mr. Green would have regarded it. The peasant galls the "kibe" of his landlord's son to-day; and the hostelry of education draws no fine distinction between those who sit on either side of "the salt." But, as it seems to me, the late Mr. Pattison and the distinguished band of scholars who have written with him on the subject of academical reform and the idealising of learning in our universities soar too high on eagles' wings. It is necessary for young men to *be taught*, not only to teach themselves; and the wise teacher aims about mid-way, or a little above, in teaching his pupils—neither at one extremity nor the other. And those, like the late rector of Lincoln, who are students "from their mother's womb," who delight in sucking honey from all intellectual sources, who speak with

pathetic regret of the time when the fleshpots of learning were full for those who could sate themselves, must remember that the manna is for all and not for the *eruditi* only, and that though this light food may be loathed by those whose stomachs can grapple with tougher matter, yet in their degree those who are satisfied with the manna have their reward. And learning to such men as are gourmands thereat is at best an intellectual luxury. It is to them what another savoury dish is to their brethren. Those who genuinely love learning for its own sake, and who are willing to spend themselves and be spent for the sake of that which is their all, are pleasing themselves best. They may give to the world great discoveries; they may, like the present Master of Balliol, do an immense educational work; they may also be men covered with the dust of their own innumerable tomes, who are not objects of true admiration, because they devote themselves to the cult of that which is their one absorbing passion. The greatest quality of such men is to make others think. This is what it is said Mark Pattison did. If so, he and men like him effect their most by an unconscious influence; but this is only when their intellectual nature touches the rim of practical education. The student, who is nothing but a man of letters runs a serious risk of judging men by books, of defining a man at once by that which he has absorbed rather than by that which he is; he is pleased with himself because he is not as other men are; he flatters himself that in the next world he will give an account of the tomes which he has consumed, and will be tabulated accordingly.

"Seest thou not yon cavalier," saith Don Quixote, "who cometh toward us



on a dapple-grey steed, and weareth a golden helmet?" "What I see," answered Sancho, "is nothing but a man on a grey ass like my own, who carries something shining on his head." And we all laugh good-humouredly at the Don.

But though, for my own part, I hold very firmly that those who refer to that golden age of Saturn, or some other enlightened *bos locutus est*, with tears in their eyes, are mistaken as regarding neither the fact that climate alters exceedingly, nor that machinery, competition, and excess of human beings in this island alters exceedingly, nor yet that intellectual desire is a luxury for the few and would be and will be always "caviare to the million," which the million never will regard as a solid *pièce de résistance*, yet it seems not wholly unprofitable to consider these three points, which touch upon modern university life in its outer rim, and to deduce therefrom in silence and in much edification how Oxford has improved on them.

I. Who are those who seek this university education?

Well, as I propose to speak largely of £ s d as a factor—indeed a great factor—I will answer by the following table, which represents what has been spent on three men who come up to the university, and whose education has cost within a very few pounds of what is here set down:—

A.		£	s.	d.
Preparatory school (10 years old, including extras) a year ...	...	150	0	0
	...	150	0	0
	...	150	0	0
	...	150	0	0
Up to 14 years of age ...		£600	0	0
Public school (14—19) ...	...	200	0	0
	...	212	0	0
	...	208	0	0
	...	214	0	0
		219	0	0
		£1,053	0	0
(From 10—19) TOTAL ...		£1,653	0	0

## B.

	£	s.	d.
High school (9—13) four years (This only represents teaching expenses) ...	38	0	0
Second grade school (a large school of 220 boys), five years.	425	0	0
TOTAL ...	£463	0	0

## C.

	£	s.	d.
Up to the age of 16 ...	45	0	0
Since then he has partly sup- ported himself by teaching; calculates his own expenses from 16—22 (the age when he began university life) at ...	185	0	0
TOTAL ...	£230	0	0

With regard to A., the figures represent the exact amount which has been spent on his education to the day when he entered at Christ Church, with the exception of an additional 5*l.* a year at most for extra expenses.

With regard to B., his school expenses came, roughly speaking, to 85*l.* a year, though of course there was a slight difference in one year's items to those of another year. Both A. and B. have gone as commoners to Christ Church.

C. did not go to Oxford at all: he obtained an exhibition at one of the smaller colleges at Cambridge.

It is, I think, fair to take these three men as samples of those who, as chill October begins to make the old college walls look greyer than at other seasons, with the red ensigns of the Virginia creepers hanging out their glowing colours, meet within the walls of Alma Mater. But the case is not yet quite fully and fairly stated. I have been able to ascertain from A.'s father what allowance of money his son has had up to the time of his going to Oxford. The school expenses were the father's item exclusively. Whether he thought them excessive or not he paid them as part of an English education. But the allowance which he gave his son wears a different complexion. I think it was Bacon

who uttered the sentiment—"Keep your authority wholly from your children, not so your purse," and A.'s father did not rein in his purse, at least to my thinking. He allowed A. a sovereign each term while he was at the preparatory school. When he went to a public school, "Well," he said, "I can't tell you exactly. So far as I can remember, for his first two years, he had 5*l.* a year; as he grew bigger, a little more; his last year he had 5*l.* a term, and then he sometimes wrote for an extra pound or two during the term. I think that was about the figure." And I am given to understand that A. by no means received as much as great numbers of boys received. A boy in his form was known to bring back 20*l.* That was an exception, he admitted; and, he added, "some of us thought it rather snobbish. The fellow's father was in trade near Birmingham."

Now A. is a specimen of a large class of men. He is a fine athletic young fellow, he has no especial vices that could be named, he is devoted to all games, he is generally benign and good-tempered. He is of a good old family, and his father has given him an allowance of 400*l.* a year. Add three years and a half of education (!) at 400*l.* a year to the above sum, and it will appear that A.'s education (we must use the word for the sake of simplicity) has cost over 3,000*l.*

In the days of Abelard—as Mr. Froude has pointed out in his excellent inaugural lecture to the students of the University of St. Andrew's, itself a seat of learning, where, I am told on excellent authority, 50*l.* annually covers expenses, partly owing to the absence of the extravagant summer term—thirty thousand students walked from all over Europe to Paris, destitute of portmanteaus and luggage save what they bore on their backs. Nor was this feeling of high thinking and plain living confined to one age or one class. "When the magnificent Earl of Essex was sent to Cambridge

in Elizabeth's time, his guardians provided him with a deal table covered with green baize, a truckle bed, half-a-dozen chairs, and a wash-hand basin. The cost of all, I think, was 5*l.*" If my friend A. gets off for the equipment of his rooms at "the house" under 250*l.* I shall be mightily surprised.

A. is then a representative. Such men come up to the university as to an agreeable place, where the reins of school will be thrown off, and an extremely pleasant three or four years can be passed. If a boy has been well taught at a public school, he really need have no fear about passing moderations; and as to the final school, why, the time for thinking about that is a long way off, and for the present let us sit down to the serious business of life—boating, cricketing, athletics, and the muscular delights afforded by Alma Mater. Now, for all the previous years of mismanagement, so far as the true education of mind and spirit goes, the university is nowise responsible, except so far as she gives the keynote, and by her easy-going method furnishes a text-book which the schools follow. For I hold it to be a mismanagement that for this enormous sum of money hitherto spent there is turned out even an A. And A. is a favourable specimen.

But it is extremely prejudicial to true work, and also to that excessively important factor, the true estimate of work, that men like A. should constitute a large part of a college. Such men only live for self-indulgence; it is a very hard statement, but I think not exaggerated. They live in their own set; they make friends only of men of like habits and tastes with themselves; they set an extravagant, selfish, luxurious tone which is in the highest degree pernicious, not only to themselves, but to the large class who are much in the position of B.

For in their way, A. B. and C. represent the various sets of a college. B. hesitates. He has not much money:

his father allows him 200*l.* a year, and not a penny more. C. is a "smug" in the eyes of A.; and B. thinks him rather so-so; still B. is wavering, and is uncertain what set to join. What is a "smug"—and why is C. a "smug"? A "smug" is a person who may be looked at on two sides. Either he is a very poor man, who has ideas of his own, foreign to A., that debt is a sin, that to buy luxuries and not to pay is trenching on the eighth commandment, who determines to work hard for as many hours as he can, who only walks by way of passing his leisure time, who religiously sticks to his cap and gown on all possible occasions, who wears a goatish beard under his chin, who does not shave very well or very often, who won't subscribe to all the college subscriptions for sports, &c., who lives in attics, and never gives breakfasts, wines, or other form of entertainment. Viewed at from another side, the "smug" is a disgustingly dirty fellow, who is an incubus to the college, a "regular outsider," "a cad," no earthly benefit, but only a disgrace to his college, on whom no decent man would call, who grinds all day at books, and is the sort of man, so you will be told, that they stew into "dons" or "schoolmasters."

Now, I ask, is it not a blunder to bring together this heterogeneous mass of contrary beings, and to attempt to piece together incongruous patches? It will be said, this is an overdrawn picture. I believe not. But rather, it is degrading to the idea of a university that hard work in any man, who is not well clothed and well dressed, should expose him to ridicule which he is supposed not to feel, so pachydermatous is the "smug" supposed to be. And yet the "smug" is fulfilling that purpose for which the university was founded far more effectually than the band of the "best set" who herein show much of that snobbish spirit which is prevalent in many colleges. No one denies that the poor student might be bettered by

a new pair of trousers, or a love of games, or a better pronunciation of the letter H: still—

"If a man were halt or hunch'd, in him,  
By those whom God had made full-limbed  
and tall,  
Scorn was allowed as part of his defect."

At least courtesy is part of the education of a gentleman; at least judgment should be deferred by those who are no meet critics.

II. What is the action of the university towards this olla podrida? And this necessarily involves in part an answer to the question, What is the function of the university?

This is, as much else, more easy to ask than to answer; and yet for our special purpose we can at once find a sufficient reply, though not one which will cover all grounds.

Education, according to Dr. Whewell,<sup>1</sup> "to answer its higher purposes, consists not in accumulating knowledge, but in educating the faculties of man."

Mr. Goldwin Smith<sup>2</sup> admits that, "though the promotion of learning and science may be the highest function of the university, its direct function, in the present day, is education." Which needs no demonstration, we may add, in this degenerate age!

Mr. Matthew Arnold<sup>3</sup> denies that the office of instruction is to produce a Christian, a citizen, or a gentleman, these being but secondary aims of instruction; its prime aim is to enable a man "to know himself and the world."

And, not to be further tedious, Mr. Mill in his inaugural lecture at St. Andrew's, speaking of the many-sided nature of education, says, "not only does it include whatever we do for ourselves and whatever is done for us by others, for the express purpose of bringing us somewhat nearer to the perfection of our nature: it does more; in its largest acceptance it

<sup>1</sup> Whewell, *On a Liberal Education*, p. 54.

<sup>2</sup> Goldwin Smith, *Oxford University Reform*.

<sup>3</sup> Matthew Arnold, *Higher Schools and Universities of Germany*.

comprehends even the indirect effects produced on character and on the human faculties, by things of which the direct purposes are quite different." We, however, are satisfied with treating here of the more limited functions of education.

So then Virtue, attired in seemly cap and gown, meets the disciple at the well-trodden cross-road—I allude to the Herculean one, as most convenient—and without bounce, but in sweet modesty, saith, "O my son, whom I greatly cherish, let me guide you in the way wherein it is fitting that you walk. Keep your eyes and ears and mouth from wine and wassail and the too great love of the river, of the pontine marshes, of the parks where the young barbarians love most to play furiously. We shall indeed, in order to discharge the proper functions of this eminent seat, have tests of proficiency, that you may be found fitting to receive degrees and honours. But they will not weigh you down: they will be mild and easy to be received." In suchlike tones Alma Mater speaks; and the first comer says he will gladly obey, and mutters under his breath in an unknown tongue, "Go to the deuce!" No. II. makes many promises, and for a while the good seed yields produce sufficient for pass examinations, but the cares of the Oxford world, its pleasures and duns, choke the green crop, and lo, he is plucked, and is extremely unfruitful. No. III. alone brings forth the admirable hundred-fold, and takes as many university prizes as he can cram into his intellectual and pecuniary pouch.

Let us dissect a little more closely.

1. The university says to A.—let us take A. as our standpoint—"My object is to make you a lover of wisdom, and to educe your intellectual capacity in that particular department which is best for you. We open both hands; we offer you many fruits."

A. reasons thus, or would do so, if he had read Professor Fowler's excellent little work—"By working three

hours a day I can scrape through my examinations; and my father will be quite satisfied if I'm not ploughed. I shall go in for the history school. They say a fellow can get a fourth in that pretty easily."

2. The university says to A.—"Let us, above all things cultivate simplicity, for this virtue gendereth to all good gifts, and is the parent of much and reverend thought, likewise of indifference to the externals of life, the foster-brother of philosophy."

A. reasons—"I must have one suit for cricket, a couple of sashes for tennis, a suit for boating, a suit for football, some racket shoes, running shoes, cricket shoes, football boots, rowing jerseys, 'eleven' coat, 'eights' coat, the 'club' coat, &c. I have never been denied anything at home, so the pater is sure not to mind, if I run up a little bill at — for cigars, at — for clothes, at — for billiards. After all, 400*l.* a year isn't much for a man in my position."

3. The university says—"It is my function to teach you to *know yourself*"—Mr. Matthew Arnold adds, "*and the world.*"

A.—here let us answer for our god-child—is absolutely ignorant of himself. He believes himself to be—so do his friends—a very good fellow, whom everybody is glad to see, and who gets on splendidly in all circles. But he is blind, and deaf, and dumb; yet he flatters himself he sees, and hears, and speaks. He does not see what a havoc he is making of the nobler side of man; how he leaves wholly untilld that portion of himself which is most truly divine; how he cannot restrain his appetites, bridle his instincts, say "no" to a new luxury. All that "education" so far has meant to him is—to work in work hours, because it is the fashion, and one is obliged to do as the others; to reserve his enterprise, energy, dash, and spirit for games and athletic pursuits. For A. has none of the more degraded appetites; his worst vice is, that he cultivates his body alone.

to the exclusion of its other twin allies.

*And the world!* Poor A. ! He knows the world of good fellows who live to amuse themselves, from the old jovial days of the Eton and Harrow match to the 'Varsity encounter. He knows the world of camp followers—that degraded host who follow the votaries of pleasure, smile at their follies, and cling like parasites to the lower and animal instincts of their betters, having perchance none whatever of their own. But of *the world*—the world outside himself, the world of nature, the world of human beings, so various yet so alike, the world of intellect, art, suffering, so human, so divine—A. knows, and wants to know, nothing.

Are we tired of A. ? Perhaps the university is so, in some degree : and yet it can't afford to lose him. A. is really, between ourselves, a capital fellow ; but he involves a problem though he doesn't think so. He forms the class to whom Mr. Mill refers when he says with more force (to my thinking) than veracity, if the work of the university be considered to-day, "The majority of those who come to the English universities come still more ignorant [than those who go to the Scotch universities], and ignorant they go away." But Mr. Mill was speaking to a Scotch audience ; and from a social point of view the English university has the advantage, supposing it to be an advantage. That eager reformer, Mr. Goldwin Smith, would do away, after a time and warily, with the presence of the ungifted with brains, if gifted with money ; but there are two very decided objections to this course. It remains to be proved that men of the A. stamp are ungifted with brains. Rather, in many cases, they have never been taught to use them ; they keep them in their napkin, and have never put them out to usury in any form. Secondly, even if they be ungifted, they must be considered. Every class has a right to be educated somewhere, even in a lunatic asylum. The question

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again rather is, let us educate them to the "top of their bent ;" why want them to compete with those of larger brain power ? But to have the presence of numerous idlers—and Mr. Arnold states that the idlers in the English universities considerably surpass those in the German universities—in a seat of learning is an insult, a risk, and a confession of weakness.

*Examinations*, then, are the one answer which the university makes to the questions, What are we to do with the idler, the untaught, the uneducated who wants no education ? It is the question (in part) of our old friend, Mr. Baps, which proved so terrible a facer to be answered—"What are we to do with our raw material ?" Well, we "might fall back upon our cottons, but then——!"

"*Le pays à examens, l'Autriche*," says M. Laboulaye, "*est précisément celui dans lequel on ne travaille pas*." And it is said on competent authority that the intelligence of the Austrian universities is inferior to that of any of the universities of Germany. Let us look at home and ask the question in the High Street of Oxford, as we gaze on the new pile for asking and answering questions—the INTERROGATION BLOCK. Whereunto does this tend ? Now I am sorry if I balk expectations ; but as things are, I see no way out of the fact that examinations are the one barrier between knowledge of any sort, *i.e.* any accurate sort (putting aside scrappy, desultory reading), and crass ignorance.

The pile in the High Street is the last rallying point. If that goes, "*saute qui peut*." And it must be left to the authorities in that eminent university to decide the limits and boundary lines of learning to which the mind of the undergraduate can attain. Examinations do in a limited degree dwarf knowledge and the much-belauded love of learning, but, I think, only in a limited degree. A man's time is often wasted in running here and there for Aristotelian or Platonic meat, especially between the morning

H

hours of ten to one o'clock, when he had much better be in his own room—so much may in many cases be conceded. But a man of the age of twenty-one to twenty-three wants his mind guided; it is infinitely better fashion to be in leading-strings. The system prevents an erratic nibbling at all manner of baits; it brings the young mind into an exact method; it applies a vigorous test. If this love of learning is innate, then there are plenty of succeeding years wherein it can develop, and the mind even of an Eratosthenes or a Mill will be none the worse, but all the better, for these few years of intellectual obedience. So far, so good.

But still the question remains unanswered—What is the disposition of the university towards the large body who suffer examinations, not, indeed, “gladly,” but passively, and who are merely driven into the examination room because there is no alternative? Is not their whole attitude in a university a mistake and a disaster? For this leads to the last point—the *departure platform*.

III. When A. departs from the crowded little platform of Oxford station, an older man by three-and-a-half years, what will he owe to Alma Mater? In what is he indebted to her? We do not ask the questions of those who have won honours or achieved intellectual success of any sort here, but we do ask, What has the university done for A. and the like of A.?

That the university is the place to which a man in after days looks back with warm affection is undeniable; nor ought we in justice to say one word which can detract from the kindly feeling which in the main combines teachers and taught, and the thousand and one links of sympathy which unite all classes of men here in a common university bond. Oxford is to those who love her always an Alma Mater. She is only the step-mother of those who have infringed her laws or misread her teaching. Yet,

it is necessary, to ask whether this huge piece of mechanism, this educational pride of England, is turning out the large percentage of her sons much bettered morally, intellectually, socially, for their sojourn with her. In one sense I take it, there are very few men who leave the university without being socially the better. Shyness, reserve, clumsiness of manner, foolish stiffness—these get in part rubbed off, and the man has, in a sense, a pride at being the *alumnus* of such a bountiful and gracious mother. But the question does not end here. Mr. Froude concedes, “An Oxford education fits a man extremely well for the trade of a gentleman. But,” he adds, “I do not know for what other trade it does fit him, as at present constituted.” Well, I should venture to differ from Mr. Froude’s argument that the university should be a *professional* vantage-ground, so that men may go hence furnished with suitable armour for the respective paths of life. It appears to me that the university is not a place where professional education should be given. And to this end, says Mr. Mill, “Universities are not intended to teach the knowledge required to fit men for some special mode of gaining their livelihood.”

The university, doubtless, is satisfied with its *alumni*. They obey rules, they do not violate college discipline, they are gentlemen with whom, on the whole, it is easy to deal—but does the university consider enough what her true relation is toward these her sons? Are they, when they go, at the age of three-and-twenty or thereabouts, equipped to meet the rest of the life which now faces them? Are they the better prepared, through the education given them by the tutors and fellows of colleges, to reason wisely and well on the knotty questions of life, to give good reasons for espousing this or that side in political and religious questions, likely men to feel with the poor, to endeavour to raise the condition of the lower classes, to set a



high standard in their generation, to fulfil the duties of good and useful citizens? It is idle to say, "Here Gladstone was educated," "This was the room that Tennyson occupied." The seats of great men are everywhere, not unfrequently in hovels. The question is, did the education of this place mature them, bring on the germs of genius, inspire them with noble ambitions? And not so much these men who would be great in all places, but the large mass of young men. Or does year by year testify to continual waste of time, money, and brain-power, to a large stream of men passing through to whom pleasure is far the first consideration, who may make excellent hunting squires, but who have never said or done anything seriously to ameliorate the condition of those below them, or to elevate the tone of those who are their cotemporaries?

Finally, there can be, I doubt not, a dozen balsams produced, supposing the sore be owned to exist. But there appears to me but one remedy—to cut down the expenses ruthlessly.

I would not for one moment listen to the piteous cries of those who deplore the "good old days" and demand the easy chairs of life; I would turn a deaf ear to all such. I would say to all who desire to matriculate, "I cannot perhaps enforce high thinking: but at least I can insist on plain living." Keble College might furnish a very fair sample of reduction of expense: and all the members of a college should without exception be brought within

its walls. Cut expenses down on the right hand and on the left: leave all the athletic corporations just as they are, to supply their excellent relaxation, but let the relaxation be a genuine one for those who work, not a semi-amusement, semi-profession, for the idle. I say—shear expenses. True: but the University must only bear its own sins. Go back to the public school—a step further, to the preparatory school—a step further yet, to the home. If the English father will rein in his purse discreetly from his son, and teach him the value of money, and the *crime* of waste and extravagance, and the evil of the idiotic specimen called "masher," whether the idler of the "High," or of the "Gaiety" persuasion; if education stringently points out the nobility of work both for self and others, then it matters comparatively little whether we turn out Liberals, or Conservatives, or Radicals, whether of this creed or that creed. We shall turn out men who will point all their lives to their education as their true Alma Mater; we shall have understood, what was at least understood once, that "wisdom is the principal thing," and understanding will follow as a natural attendant. It is all very well for the one who is truly *mundus* and is shaking his plumes on the banks of an intellectual Isis; but the question is surely pertinent, whatever scoffers may say of its impertinence, "*Ubi sunt novem?*" And we look to Oxford for the answer.

## NOTES ON POPULAR ENGLISH.

BY THE LATE ISAAC TODHUNTER.

I HAVE from time to time recorded such examples of language as struck me for inaccuracy or any other peculiarity; but lately the pressure of other engagements has prevented me from continuing my collection, and has compelled me to renounce the design once entertained of using them for the foundation of a systematic essay. The present article contains a small selection from my store, and may be of interest to all who value accuracy and clearness. It is only necessary to say that the examples are not fabricated: all are taken from writers of good repute, and notes of the original places have been preserved, though it has not been thought necessary to encumber these pages with references. The italics have been supplied in those cases where they are used.

One of the most obvious peculiarities at present to be noticed is the use of the word *if* when there is nothing really conditional in the sentence. Thus we read: "If the Prussian plan of operations was faulty the movements of the Crown Prince's army were in a high degree excellent." The writer does not really mean what his words seem to imply, that the excellence was contingent on the fault: he simply means to make two independent statements. As another example we have: "Yet he never founded a family; if his two daughters carried his name and blood into the families of the *Herreras* and the *Zuñigos*, his two sons died before him." Here again the two events which are connected by the conditional *if* are really quite independent. Other examples follow:—"If it be true that Paris is an American's paradise, symptoms are not wanting that there are Parisians who cast a longing look

towards the institutions of the United States." "If M. Stanilas Julien has taken up his position in the Celestial Empire, M. Léon de Rosny seems to have selected the neighbouring country of Japan for his own special province." "But those who are much engaged in public affairs cannot always be honest, and if this is not an excuse, it is at least a fact." "But if a Cambridge man was to be appointed, Mr. — is a ripe scholar and a good parish priest, and I rejoice that a place very dear to me should have fallen into such good hands."

Other examples, differing in some respects from those already given, concur in exhibiting a strange use of the word *if*. Thus we read: "If the late rumours of dissension in the Cabinet had been well founded, the retirement of half his colleagues would not have weakened Mr. Gladstone's hold on the House of Commons." The conditional proposition intended is probably this: if half his colleagues were to retire, Mr. Gladstone's hold on the House of Commons would not be weakened. "If a big book is a big evil, the *Bijou Gazetteer of the World* ought to stand at the summit of excellence. It is the tiniest geographical directory we have ever seen." This is quite illogical: if a big book is a big evil, it does not follow that a little book is a great good. "If in the main I have adhered to the English version, it has been from the conviction that our translators were in the right." It is rather difficult to see what is the precise opinion here expressed as to our translators; whether an absolute or contingent approval is intended. "If you think it worth your while to inspect the school from the outside,



that is for yourself to decide upon." The decision is not contingent on the thinking it worth while: they are identical. For the last example we take this: "... but if it does not retard his return to office it can hardly accelerate it." The meaning is, "This speech cannot accelerate and may retard Mr. Disraeli's return to office." The triple occurrence of *it* is very awkward.

An error not uncommon in the present day is the blending of two different constructions in one sentence. The grammars of our childhood used to condemn such a sentence as this: "He was more beloved but not so much admired as Cynthio." The former part of the sentence requires to be followed by *than*, and not by *as*. The following are recent examples:—"The little farmer [in France] has no greater enjoyments, if so many, as the English labourer." "I find public-school boys generally more fluent, and as superficial as boys educated elsewhere." "Mallet, for instance, records his delight and wonder at the Alps and the descent into Italy in terms quite as warm, if much less profuse, as those of the most impressive modern tourist." An awkward construction, almost as bad as a fault, is seen in the following sentence:—"Messrs. — having secured the co-operation of some of the most eminent professors of, and writers on, the various branches of science . . ."

A very favourite practice is that of changing a word where there is no corresponding change of meaning. Take the following example from a voluminous historian:—"Huge pinnacles of bare rock shoot up into the azure firmament, and forests over-spread their sides, in which the scarlet rhododendrons sixty feet in *height* are surrounded by trees two hundred feet in *elevation*." In a passage of this kind it may be of little consequence whether a word is retained or changed; but for any purpose where precision is valuable it is nearly as bad to use two words in one sense as

one word in two senses. Let us take some other examples. We read in the usual channels of information that "Mr. Gladstone has issued invitations for a full-dress Parliamentary *dinner*, and Lord Granville has issued invitations for a full-dress Parliamentary *banquet*." Again we read: "The Government proposes to divide the occupiers of land into four categories;" and almost immediately after we have "the second class comprehends . . .": so that we see the grand word *category* merely stands for *class*. Again: "This morning the Czar drove alone through the Thiergarten, and on his return received Field-Marshal Wrangel and Moltke, as well as many other general officers, and then gave audience to numerous visitors. Towards noon the *Emperor Alexander*, accompanied by the Russian Grand Dukes, paid a visit . . ." "Mr. Ayrton, according to *Nature*, has accepted Dr. Hooker's explanation of the letter to Mr. Gladstone's secretary, at which the First Commissioner of Works took umbrage, so that the dispute is at an end." I may remark that Mr. Ayrton is identical with the First Commissioner of Works. A writer recently in a sketch of travels spoke of a "Turkish gentleman with his *innumerable* wives," and soon after said that she "never saw him address any of his *multifarious* wives." One of the illustrated periodicals gave a picture of an event in recent French history, entitled, "The National Guards Firing on the People." Here the change from *national* to *people* slightly conceals the strange contradiction of guardians firing on those whom they ought to guard.

Let us now take one example in which a word is repeated, but in a rather different sense: "The Grand Duke of Baden sat *next* to the Emperor William, the Imperial Crown Prince of Germany sitting *next* to the Grand Duke. *Next* came the other princely personages." The word *next* is used in the last instance in not

quite the same sense as in the former two instances; for all the princely personages could not sit in contact with the Crown Prince.

A class of examples may be found in which there is an obvious incongruity between two of the words which occur. Thus, "We are more than doubtful;" that is, we are *more than full of doubts*: this is obviously impossible. Then we read of "a man of more than doubtful sanity." Again we read of "a more than questionable statement": this is I suppose a very harsh elliptical construction for such a sentence as "a statement to which we might apply an epithet more condemnatory than *questionable*." So also we read "a more unobjectionable character." Again: "Let the Second Chamber be composed of elected members, and their utility will be *more than halved*." To take the *half* of anything is to perform a definite operation, which is not susceptible of more or less. Again: "The singular and almost excessive impartiality and power of appreciation." It is impossible to conceive of *excessive impartiality*. Other recent examples of these impossible combinations are, "more faultless," "less indisputable." "The high antiquity of the narrative cannot reasonably be doubted, and almost as little its *ultimate* Apostolic origin." The ultimate origin, that is the *last beginning*, of anything seems a contradiction. The common phrase *bad health* seems of the same character; it is almost equivalent to *unsound soundness* or to *unprosperous prosperity*. In a passage already quoted, we read that the Czar "gave *audience* to numerous visitors," and in a similar manner a very distinguished lecturer speaks of making experiments "*visible* to a large *audience*." It would seem from the last instance that our language wants a word to denote a mass of people collected not so much to hear an address as to see what are called experiments. Perhaps if our savage forefathers had enjoyed the advantages of courses of scientific lectures,

the vocabulary would be supplied with the missing word.

*Talented* is a vile barbarism which Coleridge indignantly denounced; there is no verb to *talent* from which such a participle could be deduced. Perhaps this imaginary word is not common at the present; though I am sorry to see from my notes that it still finds favour with classical scholars. It was used some time since by a well-known professor, just as he was about to emigrate to America; so it may have been merely evidence that he was rendering himself familiar with the language of his adopted country.

*Ignore* is a very popular and a very bad word. As there is no good authority for it, the meaning is naturally uncertain. It seems to fluctuate between *wilfully concealing* something and *unintentionally omitting* something, and this vagueness renders it a convenient tool for an unscrupulous orator or writer.

The word *lengthened* is often used instead of *long*. Thus we read that such and such an orator made a *lengthened* speech, when the intended meaning is that he made a *long* speech. The word *lengthened* has its appropriate meaning. Thus, after a ship has been built by the Admiralty, it is sometimes cut into two and a piece inserted: this operation, very reprehensible doubtless on financial grounds, is correctly described as *lengthening* the ship. It will be obvious on consideration that *lengthened* is not synonymous with *long*. *Protracted* and *prolonged* are also often used instead of *long*; though perhaps with less decided impropriety than *lengthened*.

A very common phrase with controversial writers is, "we *shrewdly* suspect." This is equivalent to, "we *acutely* suspect." The cleverness of the suspicion should, however, be attributed to the writers by other people, and not by themselves.

The simple word *but* is often used when it is difficult to see any shade of opposition or contrast such as we naturally expect. Thus we read:

"There were several candidates, *but* the choice fell upon — of Trinity College." Another account of the same transaction was expressed thus: "It was understood that there were several candidates; the election fell, *however*, upon — of Trinity College."

The word *mistaken* is curious as being constantly used in a sense directly contrary to that which, according to its formation, it ought to have. Thus: "He is often mistaken, but never trivial and insipid." "He is often mistaken" ought to mean that other people often mistake him; just as "he is often misunderstood" means that people often misunderstand him. But the writer of the above sentence intends to say that "He often makes mistakes." It would be well if we could get rid of this anomalous use of the word *mistaken*. I suppose that *wrong* or *erroneous* would always suffice. But I must admit that good writers do employ *mistaken* in the sense which seems contrary to analogy; for example, Dugald Stewart does so, and also a distinguished leading philosopher whose style shows decided traces of Dugald Stewart's influence.

I shall be thought hypercritical perhaps if I object to the use of *sanction* as a verb; but it seems to be a comparatively modern innovation. I must, however, admit that it is used by the two distinguished writers to whom I alluded with respect to the word *mistaken*. Recently some religious services in London were asserted by the promoters to be *under the sanction* of three bishops; almost immediately afterwards letters appeared from the three bishops in which they qualified the amount of their approbation: rather curiously all three used *sanction* as a verb. The theology of the bishops might be the sounder, but as to accuracy of language I think the inferior clergy had the advantage. By an obvious association I may say that if any words of mine could reach episcopal ears, I should like to ask why a first charge is called a *primary*

charge, for it does not appear that this mode of expression is continued. We have, I think, second, third, and so on, instead of *secondary*, *tertiary*, and so on, to distinguish the subsequent charges.

Very eminent authors will probably always claim liberty and indulge in peculiarities; and it would be ungrateful to be censorious on those who have permanently enriched our literature. We must, then, allow an eminent historian to use the word *cult* for worship or superstition; so that he tells us of an *indecent cult* when he means an *unseemly false religion*. So, too, we must allow another eminent historian to introduce a foreign idiom, and speak of a *man of pronounced opinions*.

One or two of our popular writers on scientific subjects are fond of frequently introducing the word *bizarre*; surely some English equivalent might be substituted with advantage. The author of an anonymous academical paper a few years since was discovered by a slight peculiarity—namely, the use of the word *ones*, if there be such a word: this occurred in certain productions to which the author had affixed his name, and so the same phenomenon in the unacknowledged paper betrayed the origin which had been concealed.

A curious want of critical tact was displayed some years since by a review of great influence. Macaulay, in his Life of Atterbury, speaking of Atterbury's daughter, says that her great wish was to see her *papa* before she died. The reviewer condemned the use of what he called the *maulish word papa*. Macaulay, of course, was right; he used the daughter's own word, and any person who consults the original account will see that accuracy would have been sacrificed by substituting *father*. Surely the reviewer ought to have had sufficient respect for Macaulay's reading and memory to hesitate before pronouncing an off-hand censure.

Cobbett justly blamed the practice of putting "&c." to save the trouble

of completing a sentence properly. In mathematical writings this symbol may be tolerated because it generally involves no ambiguity, but is used merely as an abbreviation the meaning of which is obvious from the context. But in other works there is frequently no clue to guide us in affixing a meaning to the symbol, and we can only interpret its presence as a sign that something has been omitted. The following is an example: "It describes a portion of Hellenic philosophy: it dwells upon eminent individuals, inquiring, theorising, reasoning, confuting, &c., as contrasted with those collective political and social manifestations which form the matter of history. . . ."

The examples of confusion of metaphor ascribed to the late Lord Castlereagh are so absurd that it might have been thought impossible to rival them. Nevertheless the following, though in somewhat quieter style, seems to me to approach very nearly to the best of those that were spoken by Castlereagh or forged for him by Mackintosh. A recent Cabinet Minister described the error of an Indian official in these words: "He remained too long under the influence of the views which he had imbibed from the Board." To imbibe a view seems strange, but to imbibe anything from a Board must be very difficult. I may observe that the phrase of Castlereagh's which is now best known, seems to suffer from misquotation: we usually have, "an ignorant impatience of taxation"; but the original form appears to have been, "an ignorant impatience of the relaxation of taxation."

The following sentence is from a voluminous historian: "The *decline* of the material comforts of the working classes, from the effects of the Revolution, had been incessant, and had now reached an alarming *height*." It is possible to ascend to an alarming height, but it is surely difficult to decline to an alarming height.<sup>1</sup>

"Nothing could be more one-sided than the point of view adopted by the

speakers." It is very strange to speak of a point as having a side; and then how can *one-sided* admit of comparison? A thing either has one side or it has not: there cannot be degrees in one-sidedness. However, even mathematicians do not always manage the word *point* correctly. In a modern valuable work we read of "a more extended point of view," though we know that a point does not admit of extension. This curious phrase is also to be found in two eminent French writers, Bailly and D'Alembert. I suppose that what is meant is, a point which commands a more extended view. "Froschammer wishes to approach the subject from a philosophical standpoint." It is impossible to *stand* and yet to *approach*. Either he should *survey* the subject from a *stand-point*, or *approach* it from a *starting-point*.

"The most scientific of our Continental theologians have returned back again to the relations and ramifications of the old paths." Here *paths* and *ramifications* do not correspond; nor is it obvious what the *relations of paths* are. Then *returned back again* seems to involve superfluity; either *returned* or *turned back again* would have been better.

A large school had lately fallen into difficulties owing to internal dissensions; in the report of a council on the subject it was stated that measures had been taken to *introduce more harmony and good feeling*. The word *introduce* suggests the idea that harmony and good feeling could be laid on like water or gas by proper mechanical adjustment, or could be supplied like first-class furniture by a London upholsterer.

An orator speaking of the uselessness of a dean said that "he wastes his sweetness on the desert air, and stands like an engine upon a siding." This is a strange combination of metaphors.

The following example is curious as showing how an awkward metaphor has been carried out: "In the *face* of such assertions what is the puzzled

spectator to do." The contrary proceeding is much more common, namely to drop a metaphor prematurely or to change it. For instance: "Physics and metaphysics, physiology and psychology, thus become united, and the study of man passes from the uncertain light of mere opinion to the region of science." Here *region* corresponds very badly with *uncertain light*.

Metaphors and similes require to be employed with great care, at least by those who value taste and accuracy. I hope I may be allowed to give one example of a more serious kind than those hitherto supplied. The words *like lost sheep* which occur at the commencement of our Liturgy always seem to me singularly objectionable, and for two reasons. In the first place, illustrations being intended to unfold our meaning are appropriate in explanation and instruction, but not in religious confession. And in the second place the illustration as used by ourselves is not accurate; for the condition of a *lost sheep* does not necessarily suggest that conscious lapse from rectitude which is the essence of human transgression.

A passage has been quoted with approbation by more than one critic from the late Professor Conington's translation of Horace, in which the following line occurs:—

"After life's endless babble they sleep well."

Now the word *endless* here is extremely awkward; for if the babble never ends, how can anything come after it?

To digress for a moment, I may observe that this line gives a good illustration of the process by which what is called Latin verse is often constructed. Every person sees that the line is formed out of Shakespeare's "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well." The ingenuity of the transference may be admired, but it seems to me that it is easy to give more than a due amount of admiration; and, as the instance shows, the adaptation may issue in something bordering on the

absurd. As an example in Latin versification, take the following. Every one who has not quite forgotten his schoolboy days remembers the line in Virgil ending with *non imitabile fulmen*. A good scholar, prematurely lost to his college and university, having for an exercise to translate into Latin the passage in Milton relating to the moon's *peerless light* finished a line with *non imitabile lumen*. One can hardly wonder at the tendency to overvalue such felicitous appropriation.

The language of the shop and the market must not be expected to be very exact: we may be content to be amused by some of its peculiarities. I cannot say that I have seen the statement which is said to have appeared in the following form: "Dead pigs are looking up." We find very frequently advertised, "*Digestive biscuits*"—perhaps *digestible* biscuits are meant. In a catalogue of books an *Encyclopædia of Mental Science* is advertised; and after the names of the authors we read, "invaluable, 5s. 6d.": this is a curious explanation of *invaluable*.

The title of a book recently advertised is, *Thoughts for those who are Thoughtful*. It might seem superfluous, not to say impossible, to supply thoughts to those who are already full of thought.

The word *limited* is at present very popular in the domain of commerce. Thus we read, "Although the space given to us was limited." This we can readily suppose; for in a finite building there cannot be unlimited space. Booksellers can perhaps say, without impropriety, that a "limited number will be printed," as this may only imply that the type will be broken up; but they sometimes tell us that "a limited number *was* printed," and this is an obvious truism.

Some pills used to be advertised for the use of the "possessor of pains in the back," the advertisement being accompanied with a large picture representing the unhappy capitalist tormented by his property.

Pronouns, which are troublesome to



all writers of English, are especially embarrassing to the authors of prospectuses and advertisements. A wine company return thanks to their friends, "and, at the same time, *they* would assure *them* that it is *their* constant study not only to find improvements for *their* convenience. . . ." Observe how the pronouns oscillate in their application between the company and their friends.

In selecting titles of books there is room for improvement. Thus, a *Quarterly Journal* is not uncommon; the words strictly are suggestive of a *Quarterly Daily* publication. I remember, some years since, observing a notice that a certain obscure society proposed to celebrate its *triennial anniversary*.

In one of the theological newspapers a clergyman seeking a curacy states as an exposition of his theological position, "Views Prayer-book." I should hope that this would not be a specimen of the ordinary literary style of the applicant. The advertisements in the same periodical exhibit occasionally a very unpleasant blending of religious and secular elements. Take two examples—"Needlewoman wanted. She must be a communicant, have a long character, and be a good dressmaker and milliner." "Pretty furnished cottage to let, with good garden, &c. Rent moderate. Church work valued. Weekly celebrations. Near rail. Good fishing."

A few words may be given to some popular misquotations. "The last infirmity of noble minds" is perpetually occurring. Milton wrote *mind* not *minds*. It may be said that he means *minds*; but the only evidence seems to be that it is difficult to affix any other sense to *mind* than making it equivalent to *minds*: this scarcely convinces me, though I admit the difficulty.

"He that runs may read" is often supposed to be a quotation from the Bible: the words really are "he may run that readeth," and it is not certain that the sense conveyed by the popular misquotation is correct.

A proverb which correctly runs thus: "The road to hell is paved with good intentions," is often quoted in the far less expressive form, "Hell is paved with good intentions."

"Knowledge is power" is frequently attributed to Bacon, in spite of Lord Lytton's challenge that the words cannot be found in Bacon's writings. "The style is the man" is frequently attributed to Buffon, although it has been pointed out that Buffon said something very different; namely, that "the style is of the man," that is, "the style proceeds from the man." It is some satisfaction to find that Frenchmen themselves do not leave us the monopoly of this error; it will be found in Arago; see his *Works*, vol. iii. p. 560. A common proverb frequently quoted is, "The exception proves the rule;" and it seems universally assumed that *proves* here means *establishes* or *demonstrates*. It is perhaps more likely that *proves* here means *tests* or *tries*, as in the injunction, "Prove all things." [The proverb in full runs: *Exceptio probat regulam in casibus non exceptis*.]

The words *nihil tetigit quod non ornavit* are perpetually offered as a supposed quotation from Dr. Johnson's epitaph on Goldsmith. Johnson wrote—

"Qui nullum fere scribendi genus  
Non tetigit,  
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit."

It has been said that there is a doubt as to the propriety of the word *tetigit*, and that *contigit* would have been better.

It seems impossible to prevent writers from using *cui bono*? in the unclassical sense. The correct meaning is known to be of this nature: suppose that a crime has been committed; then inquire who has gained by the crime—*cui bono*? for obviously there is a probability that the person benefited was the criminal. The usual sense implied by the quotation is this: What is the good? the question being applied to whatever is for the moment the object of depreciation. Those who use the words incorrectly

may, however, shelter themselves under the great name of Leibnitz, for he takes them in the popular sense: see his works, vol. v., p. 206.

A very favourite quotation consists of the words "*laudator temporis acti*;" but it should be remembered that it seems very doubtful if these words by themselves would form correct Latin; the *se puero* which Horace puts after them are required.

There is a story, resting on no good authority, that Plato testified to the importance of geometry by writing over his door, "Let no one enter who is not a geometer." The first word is often given incorrectly when the Greek words are quoted, the wrong form of the negative being taken. I was surprised to see this blunder about two years since in a weekly review of very high pretensions.

It is very difficult in many cases to understand precisely what is attributed to another writer when his opinions are cited in some indirect way. For example, a newspaper critic finishes a paragraph in these words: "unless, indeed, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* has said that it is immoral to attempt any cure at all." The doubt here is as to what is the statement of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It seems to be this: *it is immoral to attempt any cure at all*. But from other considerations foreign to the precise language of the critic, it seemed probable that the statement of the *Pall Mall Gazette* was, *unless, indeed, it is immoral to attempt any cure at all*.

There is a certain vague formula which, though not intended for a quotation, occurs so frequently as to demand notice. Take for example—"... the sciences of logic and ethics, according to the partition of Lord Bacon, are far more extensive than we are accustomed to consider them." No precise meaning is conveyed, because we do not know what is the amount of extension we are accustomed to ascribe

to the sciences named. Again: "Our knowledge of Bacon's method is much less complete than it is *commonly supposed to be*." Here again we do not know what is the standard of common supposition. There is another awkwardness here in the words *less complete*: it is obvious that *complete* does not admit of degrees.

Let us close these slight notes with very few specimens of happy expressions.

The *Times*, commenting on the slovenly composition of the Queen's Speeches to Parliament, proposed the cause of the fact as a fit subject for the investigation of our *professional thinkers*. The phrase suggests a delicate reproof to those who assume for themselves the title of *thinker*, implying that any person may engage in this occupation just as he might, if he pleased, become a dentist, or a stock-broker, or a civil engineer. The word *thinker* is very common as a name of respect in the works of a modern distinguished philosopher. I am afraid, however, that it is employed by him principally as synonymous with a *Comtist*.

The *Times*, in advocating the claims of a literary man for a pension, said, "he has *constructed* several useful school-books." The word *construct* suggests with great neatness the nature of the process by which school-books are sometimes evolved, implying the presence of the bricklayer and mason rather than of the architect.

[Dr. Todhunter might have added *feature* to the list of words abusively used by newspaper writers. In one number of a magazine two examples occur: "A *feature* which had been well *taken up* by local and other manufacturers was the exhibition of honey in various applied forms." "A new *feature* in the social arrangements of the Central Radical Club *took place* the other evening."]

## THE CROKER PAPERS.

THOUGH the world has long anticipated the publication of Mr. Croker's papers with considerable curiosity, they do not prove on inspection to possess the highest degree of general literary interest. Croker was, of course, known to be a merely secondary figure in the world of great affairs, but he was also known to have had close relations with more than one of the personages of the very first influence and position; to have been behind the scenes of important transactions; and to have had the key to some secrets of his time. He was a man of letters, moreover: it might have been expected that he would have brought literary art to bear upon men and events, and would have dressed them up with the tact and charm that make the characters and doings of one generation interesting, real, actual, and alive to the next. On the whole, the result is for the general reader disappointing. Croker was not one of the minds that either see, or make others see, things in a varied, unexpected, amusing, stimulating, suggestive, or otherwise enlivening and attractive light. He was a bold, self-confident, busy, brassy sort of man; with no play of light and shade in his intellect or his feelings; with little imagination, delicacy, sensibility, chivalry, or magnanimity; hard, narrow, loud, positive both in the good and the bad sense, and with as much vision for what Greek sages well named the Beautiful, as a cart-horse. A hard metallic man of business: that is what Croker was; and politics, literature, society, were all equally to him branches of business, not scenes in a great and exciting drama, nor episodes in the endless epic of human character. They were not even material for philosophic cynicism, much less for the sympathy of the

moralist or the humourist. A man may be a first-rate Secretary to the Admiralty without philosophy, poetry, moral sensibility, literary insight, or distinguished practical achievement; but he will assuredly cut a poor figure as the hero of a memoir for generations after his own.

Even as a reporter, Croker is no great hand. He saw a host of famous men, and saw them intimately. But he has none of the Boswellian gift of making that intimacy ours. Hence, on the whole, the three volumes must be pronounced to be only moderately entertaining. The editor seems to have done his work with due diligence and fair judgment. Perhaps a third or a fourth of the papers might as well have been thrown into the fire. But the documents are not overloaded with comment, and the necessary elucidations are what mathematicians would call adequate and sufficient, and not more.

There are a good many errata, for which the editor must be held responsible. We have the familiar blunders of Doddington for Dodington, Wyndham for Windham, apostacy for apostasy. Guizot's country-house was Val Richer, not Vas Richer. Cobden was not member for Stockbridge, but for Stockport. The master of Moor Park, where Swift met Stella, was not Sir Richard Temple, but Sir William. To say that the chief credit of the repeal of the Corn Laws has been "popularly assigned" to Cobden and Bright, is to be ignorant that Sir Robert Peel himself deliberately assigned that credit to one of them in a famous passage which Mr. Disraeli oddly called "an unparliamentary eulogium." Besides these significant hints that Mr. Jennings does not draw from a full reservoir of accurate political knowledge, we have to complain of slipshod



sentences, such as that "Moore wrote to Croker, expressing his regret for the coldness with which *he* had treated *him*."

For the history of parties, the Croker papers provide a considerable portion of material. The world at large is perhaps beginning to find some of the riddles of modern party history a little tiresome. Why did Peel stand aloof from Canning in 1827? Why did not the Tory party repeat in the case of Parliamentary Reform their tactics in the case of Catholic Emancipation, and execute again in 1832 the extraordinary manœuvre of 1829? Did Peel, in repealing the Corn Laws, only openly express a foregone conclusion of his own mind, or was the policy forced upon him against his best judgment of the merits of Free Trade, by the agitation of the League and the exigencies of Ireland? On all these vexed questions Croker has much to say. On the first he sheds little new light, or even none at all. The third he leaves pretty nearly where he found it. On the second he discloses with minuteness the daily counsels of the Tory leaders during the critical fortnight in May 1832. There is a class of readers for whom the details of these personal controversies and party strategies have an untold fascination, and they feed on the minutiae of political intrigue with insatiable appetite. For them Croker provides a feast. But most of us have either already made up our minds for good on these historic points, or else we have subsided into a resolute and contented agnosticism. Of this we shall say a little more by and by.

Croker's own story is soon told. He was born at Galway in 1780, and educated, as more illustrious Irishmen have been, at Trinity College, Dublin. In the year of the Union he came to London to eat his dinners at Lincoln's Inn. He got briefs, but literature and politics opened a more attractive field for his restless talents than revenue cases on the Munster Circuit. In 1807 he was elected member for an Irish

borough; and he almost instantly secured the attention of Canning, Perceval, and the future Duke of Wellington, then Chief Secretary for Ireland. In 1809 he was made Secretary to the Admiralty, and in this post he remained steadfastly at work for the space, almost unparalleled in the history of Parliamentary officials, of twenty-one years.

In 1830 the long Tory reign came to an end, and Croker went out with his leaders and friends. When the great Reform Act was passed, he formed the truly extraordinary resolve to shake the dust of a doomed institution from off his feet, and to leave the House of Commons to its unhappy fate. That so seasoned a politician should act as if he had really believed all his own prophecies of a degraded Legislature and a ruined nation, filled men like Wellington and Peel with amazement. "I have received your letter," says the laconic Duke: "I am very sorry that you do not intend again to be elected to serve in Parliament. I cannot conceive for what reason."

Croker stood to his guns, and firmly declined the offers that were more than once made to him of a seat: in a revolutionised House he never would consent to sit. From 1832, when he gave up Parliamentary life, he lived by his pension and his pen. The famous edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* was published in the midst of the crisis of 1831. That remained the *magnum opus* of Croker's literary industry, and in spite of Macaulay's terrible exposure of its minute blunders, the present editor tells us that between forty and fifty thousand copies of the book have been sold. No sooner was it completed than Mr. Murray pressed him to undertake an edition of Hume's *History of England*. Croker, however, preferred to embark on an edition of Pope, and he worked at this task until the day of his death, five-and-twenty years later. Whether it was Macaulay's onslaught that had frightened and demoralised him, or the extent of the field opened by such

work as Pope's to such literary fidgeting as Croker's, the enterprise was never completed. "His chief attention," says Mr. Elwin, "was directed to the 'Satires,' and he continued for many years to pursue his investigations and accumulate materials. The results of his research have luckily all been preserved, for his habit was to write them out in full at the time. He was an acute and eager inquirer into political, personal, and social history, and no man could have been more competent to bring to the surface the under currents of forgotten circumstances" (Elwin's *Pope*, i. xxv.). Yet when we turn to the volume of the "Satires," we do not see that Mr. Courthope, who succeeded to Mr. Elwin's task, and who brings to it such marked competency and literary intelligence, has been able to make very much out of Croker's researches. He seems to have been very ingenious, but generally very wrong.

Croker's real work was the production of ephemeral papers in the *Quarterly Review*. Their character has been described by a master-hand. "They were written in a style apparently modelled on the briefs of those sharp attorneys who weary advocates with their clever commonplace: teasing with obvious comment and torturing with inevitable inference. The affectation of order in the statement of facts had all the lucid method of an adroit pettifogger. They dealt much in extracts from newspapers, quotations from the *Annual Register*, parallel passages in forgotten speeches, arranged with a formidable array of dates rarely accurate. When the writer was of opinion he had made a point, you may be sure the hit was in italics, that last resource of the Forcible Feebles. He handled a particular in chronology as if he were proving an *alibi* at the Criminal Court. The censure was coarse without being strong, and vindictive when it would have been sarcastic. Now and then there was a passage which aimed at a higher flight, and nothing

can be conceived more unlike genuine feeling or more offensive to pure taste" (*Coningsby*, ch. 5).

The portrait of which these sentences are a part is one of the finest masterpieces of satire to be found in English prose. The original Rigby, with whose name Mr. Disraeli here labelled Croker, was an unprincipled placeman, who, in the earlier years of George III., maintained himself at the Pay Office by the power of the Bloomsbury gang. He was one of the hangers-on of Junius's Duke of Bedford, and was as brazen and hard-hearted a cynic as ever figured in our public life. To give his name to Croker was in some respects an unjust implication, but the character that Mr. Disraeli drew above Rigby's name was not far from being Croker to the life. The original must have had some merit which it was not to Mr. Disraeli's purpose to hunt out. In truth Croker was honest in those blazing prejudices and virulent animosities which compose the politics of men like him. But the present papers do nothing to shake the fidelity of the almost universal impression of contemporaries. Mr. Rigby, says the author of *Coningsby*, "was bold, acute, and voluble; with no thought, but a good deal of desultory information; and though destitute of all imagination and noble sentiment, was blessed with a vigorous, mendacious fancy, fruitful in small expedients, and never happier than when devising shifts for great men's scrapes."

All that is now seen to be pretty true. But the satirist pushes his contempt too far. He asks, "What was the secret of the influence of this man, confided in by everybody, trusted by none? His counsels were not deep, his expedients were not felicitous; he had no feeling, and he could create no sympathy." The answer is too savage to be true. Mr. Rigby's "real business in life had ever been to do the dirty work." It is possible that Croker did not keep quite aloof

from dirty work in all of his relations with Lord Hertford. No man of Croker's moral pretensions could easily have reconciled it with self-respect to sit at table with his patron's disreputable women (ii. 420). It is the anticipated legacy of eighty thousand pounds that gives a particularly nasty colour to such complaisance. There is a flavour of the *captatores* and *heredipetæ* that Horace and Juvenal have described as the pests of old Rome; and when the eighty thousand proved to be only three-and-twenty, we think of Coranus laughing at the baulked Nasica. After all, nothing worse could have been said of Croker by his enemies than that he was "*his epulis et tali dignus amico*."

On the other hand, if Croker was disgraced by the friendship of Lord Hertford, he was honoured by that of Peel and of Scott. His biographer has some right to appeal to the one as a set-off to the other, and to ask whether the intimate of so many respectable persons could have really been "the bad man, the very bad man," described by Macaulay. That Croker was profoundly unamiable outside his own circle is certain, but, after all, we know nothing much more odiously unamiable in literary history than the refusal of Macaulay himself to listen to Robert Montgomery's entreaties that the essay on his bad verses might not be for ever reprinted (Trevelyan's *Life*, ii. 276). We may, however, agree that nobody could think spontaneously of describing Croker as a good man. He was a vigorous party man with a straight party conscience, and whether such a being is a good man or a bad man, the reader may settle for himself according to his own taste and his own ideals.

The present volumes contain no special explanation of Mr. Disraeli's antipathy to Croker. "Enough," says the editor, "that there were reasons for it, although they were not good reasons." Of this we should have been happy to have had an opportunity of judging for ourselves, but

the editor tells us no more than that Disraeli believed that Croker had once or twice stood in the way of his projects at a time when politics were less important to him than literature (i. 237). To us who lived in the reign of Lord Beaconsfield, it seems hard to believe that Croker treated the future Minister and his satire with contemptuous indifference. *Coningsby* was published in 1844, and yet Croker in 1852, when its author had become Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House, declared that he had never until then seen *Coningsby*, nor even to his recollection heard that it alluded to him *en bien ni en mal* (iii. 263). "If any one does me the honour," he says, "to inquire about my character, he will not, I think, look for it in Mr. Disraeli's contributions to the circulating library." One can only feel how peculiarly fortunate Croker must have been in having friends so discreetly silent as never even to slip into a reference to what was the talk of the town; and how many hairbreadth escapes he must have had from stumbling on any line of the rather considerable literature that grew up about *Coningsby*. He says that he was no reader of novels; that he had never read a volume of Lytton or of Dickens. Still it is surprising, to say the least of it, that he should never have even heard of "the numerous succession of works" published by Disraeli after *Vivian Grey* (iii. 305). The only circumstance that makes this credible is the significant hint dropped by himself that, if he had been looking with a jealous eye on Mr. Disraeli, he thinks it very likely that he might have found some opportunity of indulging his spleen. That is true enough, and in those days Disraeli had few friends. We may at least say that Croker is the only instance in the history of the human race of a man living in the world for many years by the side of a powerful and terrible satire upon himself, familiar to every man that he met in a room,

and yet by him unknown and unsuspected.

It is odd that after he quitted official and Parliamentary life, and found leisure within his reach, Croker should not have reverted to a great literary project of earlier days. In 1816 Murray made him a handsome offer of 2500 guineas for a history of the French Revolution, to fill three quarto volumes, but the volumes were never begun. Croker knew a good deal about the superficial and minor incidents of the Revolution, especially and mainly of what was done in Paris, but if he had ever written his book, it would pretty certainly have been as dead as Alison by this time. One service, however, he rendered to the subject of much more value than any original composition by him would have been: he got together the most complete collection of contemporary pamphlets, broadsides, and fly-leaves in existence. They are now in the British Museum, and the present volumes contain an account of them by Croker himself, which one is glad to have on authentic record. The most important part of the collection was formed, he says, by himself from various sources. "The most copious was an old *bouquiniste* of the name of Colin, who had been Marat's printer or publisher, and who had, in some small dark rooms up two or three flights of stairs, an immense quantity of *brochures* of the earlier days of the Revolution. He had ten, twenty, thirty, of the same pamphlet, of each of which I would buy but one, of course; but I bought, I should think, many thousands of others of which he had but single copies." Though the bookseller had been a friend and an admirer of Marat, continues Croker, he was an honest old creature, intelligent in his little business. Through him Croker found out "Marat's sister, as like him, as Colin said, and as from all pictures and busts I readily believed, as '*deux gouttes d'eau*.' She was very small, very ugly, very sharp, and a great politician. Her ostensible live-

lihood was making watch-springs, but she told me she was pretty easy in her circumstances, and I either gathered from her, or saw cause to suspect, that she had some secret charitable help" (iii. 316).

The name of Marat recalls another of the Revolutionary leaders of whom Croker has something to tell us. In 1850 he dined with the exiled King of the French, and Louis Philippe told him several anecdotes, among them this:—"I once dined in company with Robespierre, but his whole conversation was these words, '*Je ne me marierai jamais*.' There was a M. Decritot, a great cloth manufacturer at Louviers, who had a charming villa near Poissy, which all the world went to see. He was of the *Gauche*; and meeting me one day on horseback, he asked me to dine with him that I might see the villa and meet some members of the Assembly; so I went, and there amongst others were Pétion and Robespierre. Pétion was '*grand et gros*,' good-humoured and talkative, but heavy (*lourd*) withal. He talked away; Robespierre said not a word, and I took little notice of him; he looked, as — said, like a cat lapping vinegar. Pétion was rallying him on being so taciturn and *farouche*, and said they must find him a wife to *apprivoiser* him; upon which Robespierre opened his mouth for the first and last time with a kind of scream, '*Je ne me marierai jamais*.' I heard him in the tribune; he was exceedingly tedious and confused" (iii. 207).

Croker is not a great anecdotist, but he has preserved one or two lively portraits. The account of Louis Philippe, from which we have already quoted the story of Robespierre, is very interesting. Among less important people, the Irish Curran is described. He was the greatest orator for moving the passions that Croker ever heard, and a wit of the first and of the worst water. "I remember on one occasion, when he was dining with the bar mess, he was so coarse and even worse that several of us left the table; but when

he kept within bounds, his wit was copious and sparkling, and he had a most effective style of firing off his joke. It was like the electric spark, and one doubted almost whether it came from his lips or his eye, which was as quick and brilliant as his wit" (iii. 214).

Of good things we notice a curious scarcity, considering the company that Croker kept. One or two of them are worth quoting. Here is a saying that might have tickled Carlyle or rejoiced Swift. The Duke of Wellington "once expressed to Isquierdo his wonder at the enormous number of charlatans that there were in the world. Isquierdo quietly said, 'I beg your pardon; *I do not think there are enough—in proportion to the dupes.*'"

An answer of Talleyrand's may shed some light on one reason why the payment of members finds favour with some folk. He was discussing with Louis XVIII. the question whether the Deputies should not have an official salary. The King wished that the honour should be its reward, and the functions should be gratuitous. "*Gratuites!*" said Talleyrand; "*mais ce serait trop cher.*"

Those who suffer from an unpunctuality in their neighbours which they have too much conscience of their own to retaliate, will think that an answer of George III. hit the nail on the head. Some man of consequence came to attend him one day, but came late. The King was naturally displeased, and the caller cheerfully said, "Better late than never, sir." "I don't think so," replied the King. "I would rather have the proverb, 'Better never than late.'" There would be a considerable improvement in human affairs if this view of the curse of belatedness once gained general currency. Lord Palmerston, by the way, has left the reputation of being the most unpunctual man of his day. Lord Malmesbury tells how this unpunctuality of Palmerston's was the grievance and terror of the whole *Corps diplomatique*.

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*tique*. M. Van de Weyer professed to have read through the eight volumes of *Clarissa Harlowe* in the ante-room while waiting for audiences of the Foreign Secretary.

With the Duke of Wellington Croker was on intimate terms from the days when Sir Arthur Wellesley was Irish Secretary down to the very end, and the three volumes abound with reports of the Duke's views, gossip, military recollections, and political doings. For many readers it will be the Duke of Wellington who provides the plums in Croker's pudding. There is a considerable number of the great commander's criticisms on points in his own campaigns which are of value in military history, though to anybody who has even dipped into the many volumes of the Wellington *Despatches*, Croker's contributions are little more than crumbs from a loaded table. The Duke's opinion of his great adversary is well known, but it has never before been more forcibly expressed than in one of his letters to Croker. "Bonaparte's whole life," he says, "civil, political and military, was a fraud. There was not a transaction, great or small, in which lying and fraud were not introduced. . . . Bonaparte's foreign policy was force and menace, aided by fraud and corruption. If the fraud was discovered, force and menace succeeded; and in most cases the unfortunate victim did not dare to avow that he perceived the fraud." Lanfrey's picture, which some of us occasionally find too overcharged with sombre colours to be good history, would not have been found a shade too dark by the Duke of Wellington.

Not the least interesting aspect of Croker for our generation is the example that he furnishes of what Toryism was before it transformed itself into Conservatism. The present volumes abound in illustrations of the old Tory theory. That theory in respect of social relations and the conditions of social progress is put in what now sounds a very droll fashion by Lockhart in one of his letters to



Croker (ii. 412). "What a wonderful political writer Southey was," he cries. "On looking back now to his articles of thirty or twenty years ago [i.e. of 1812-22] how few there are of the questions now pressing that he had not foreseen the progress of! His views were always for the paternal management of the poor people. He knew how easily they might be kept right if their hearts were appealed to by those above them." We can imagine the result of keeping "the poor people" of Lancashire or the West Riding or of Durham or Birmingham right, by paternal appeals to their hearts from those above them!

Any evil was to be endured rather than the breath of change should disturb the existing order. Even when men of Croker's stamp see what they know and admit to be a gross abuse and scandal, the idea of reform does not come into their heads, nor does it make them a whit more patient of reformers. Take, for instance, his account of the way in which the bishops of the Established Church were accustomed to deal with their patronage:—

"The first, and often the *only*, care of a bishop is to provide for his own family; and there is not (at least there has not been to my knowledge) any single case in which the promotion to the Bench has not been preceded or followed by circumstances connected with patronage which would look very unseemly to the public eye. I remember to have heard that old Bishop Law of Elphin saluted a newly-mitred brother with this congratulation:—'My dear Lord, I give you joy; you will now be able to provide for your large family; you will unite all your sons to the Church, and the Church to all your daughters.' Of the last bishop who died, and of the last bishop who has been made, I could tell you stories that would amuse you more than a farce, and I verily believe that Newmarket does not afford more, or more ludicrous, instances of jockeyship than could be found in the secret history of episcopal promotion and patronage" (iii. 82).

When Peel resigned his seat for the University of Oxford after changing his mind on the Catholic question, Croker saw in that act of deference to

the views, wishes, and expectations of the constituents, "a democratical and unconstitutional proceeding, and a precedent dangerous to the House of Commons" (ii. 7). Though he had never been on the side of Eldon and the bigoted anti-Catholics, but, on the contrary, had wished to see the question settled on grounds both of policy and justice, yet when O'Connell and the Catholics brought the question to the point of intimidation, then Croker, "for one, was ready to vote against any concession to intimidation." How long the Catholics would have had to wait for what he admitted to be justice, if they had not resorted to intimidation, he had not thought, and did not care to think. The Anti-Corn-Law League moved his angriest alarms. He denounced it as the foulest and most dangerous combination of recent times. Its existence was declared to be incompatible either with the internal peace and the commercial prosperity of the country, or with the safety of the State. He could not forgive Peel for failing to see that it ought to be peremptorily "put down."

Let us admit that there was a certain foresight in his fears. Sir James Graham said to him that one of the great blessings of the repeal of the Corn Laws is "that at last there is some hope of surviving the din of this odious and endless topic of democratic agitation." "I cannot refrain," replied Croker, "from honestly telling you that my aversion to it [Repeal] is on exactly the opposite ground. I am deeply convinced that it will encourage, increase, and render irresistible, democratic agitation."

No observer of the course of English politics can doubt that there has been some sort of truth in this. Professor Jevons, for example, in discussing the work of the United Kingdom Alliance, remarks that the success of the League has had the evil effect of leading "many zealous people to believe that if they only band themselves together with sufficient determination, if they

deliver enough speeches, scatter enough tracts, in short, agitate with sufficient energy, they will ultimately carry public opinion with them" (*Methods of Social Reform*, p. 248). Nor, again, was Croker wrong in anticipating that O'Connell's example would find imitators. Emancipation was only ten years old when the Anti-Corn-Law League began its operations; Cobden had been a subscriber to O'Connell's Rent; and there is plenty of evidence that the Catholic Association gave him the hint of the confederacy against Protection. Men like Croker showed their profound political inferiority, first, by hoping that this change in political method could somehow be "stemmed," as they called it; and second, by assuming both that agitation would always aim at noxious objects, and would always be successful.

Unfortunately for his future powers of judgment, Croker had begun life with a little knowledge and a great deal of ignorance about the French Revolution. He thought that all the mischief was done by the failure of the King and the nobles to "put down" the Revolution at the beginning.

"Good God, Sir!" he cried, in reply to Macaulay's speech on the Reform Bill, "where has the learned gentleman lived—what works must he have read—with what authorities must he have communed, when he attributes the downfall of the French nobility to an injudicious and obstinate resistance to popular opinion? The direct reverse is the fact. . . . Who was it that, on that portentous night, offered, as he said, on the altar of his country, the sacrifice of the privileges of the nobility? A Montmorency. Who proposed the abolition of all feudal and seigniorial rights? A Noailles! And what followed? We turn over a page or two of their eventful history, and we find the Montmorencies in exile, and the Noailles on the scaffold." There is a wicked stroke at all this loud stuff about the French Revolution in *Coningsby*:—

"There never was a fellow for giving a good hearty kick to the people like Rigby. Himself sprung from the dregs of the populace, this was disinterested. What could be more patriotic and magnanimous than his Jeremiads over the fall of the Montmorencies and the Crillons, or the possible catastrophe of the Percies and the Manners! The truth of all this hullabaloo was that Rigby had a sly pension, which, by an inevitable association of ideas, he always connected with the maintenance of an aristocracy. All his rigmorole dissertations on the French Revolution were impelled by this secret influence; and when he wailed over '*la guerre aux châteaux*,' and moaned like a mandrake over Nottingham Castle in flames, the rogue had an eye all the while to quarter-day!"

This was unjust. Croker honestly believed from the first that all would have gone well if his Montmorencies and Crillons had held their ground, and his was one of those hard and narrow intellects that, having once picked up a notion, never let it drop again. England was not like France, generations had come and gone, and social circumstances had been transformed by growing industry and new inventions: but his mind never stirred from the Night of the Fourth of August and the march of the mob to Versailles. He could not look at the question of a borough franchise or a sliding scale, without seeing the burning of the *châteaux*, and hearing the thud of the guillotine. Croker practically brought down to the year 1850 the national panic of 1793, and kept alive into the generation of Gladstone and Bright that Tory reaction against "French principles" which had arrested the reforming career of the second Pitt.

If Croker had been asked how he would carry out his famous process of stemming agitation, and by what practical measures he would have put down the Catholic Association in one decade, the Political Unions in another, and the Manchester League in a third, he could only have given one answer. "I know only two ways," said Macaulay, "in which societies can be governed—by public opinion and the sword." Crokerites,—the species survives,—will not listen to public opinion. They despise it. The

roughness incident to its expression irritates their fastidiousness. They see in the combinations of common people only

"A swarm of fools  
Crowding together to be counted wise."

The Crokers, then, as they disdained public opinion, would have been compelled to fall back on the sword. But men who knew better what they were about, like Wellington and like Peel, both of whom had felt the poignant responsibilities of government, and one of whom was capable of looking beyond its mere maintenance, to a real improvement of the aims of government, were aware that, in the Great Britain of their century, to suppress opinion and to rule the country by the sword was sheer insanity. Yet Croker's anger against them meant, if it meant anything, that they ought to have tried that mad and wicked experiment.

Without going into the question, if it be a question, of the relative degrees of interest attaching to the great military and great civil characters, most people will allow that no figure in these pages excites so much curiosity as that of Peel. Here we see every step in that singular march of political opinion and sympathy which started with Croker and ended with Cobden. Croker is the very type and representative of that political temper with which it was the unfortunate task of Peel's career to be compelled to deal, down to the spring of 1846. One wonders whether all history contains the picture of political intelligence so admirable, held down by alliances so paralysing. It was not the case of Burke yoking his splendid genius to the service of patricians intellectually beneath him, for Burke cordially agreed, in the spirit and aim of his politics, with men like Lord Rockingham. Peel was more like a far-sighted navigator with a timid and mutinous crew. There is no more striking instance of the tremendous strength of the bonds of party con-

nections. Even so far back as 1820 we find him writing to Croker:—"Do not you think that the tone of England—of that great compound of folly, weakness, prejudice, wrong feeling, right feeling, obstinacy, and newspaper paragraphs, which is called public opinion—is more liberal—to use an odious but intelligible phrase—than the policy of the Government? Do not you think that there is a feeling, becoming daily more general and more confirmed—that is, independent of the pressure of taxation, or any immediate cause—in favour of some undefined change in the mode of governing the country? It seems to me a curious crisis—when public opinion never had such influence on public measures, and yet never was so dissatisfied with the share which it possessed. It is growing too large for the channels that it has been accustomed to run through. God knows, it is very difficult to widen them exactly in proportion to the size and force of the current which they have to convey, but the engineers that made them never dreamt of various streams that are now struggling for a vent" (i. 170).

Why, then, did not Peel join Canning in his attempt to impress a new and wiser direction—a more *liberal* direction, "to use an odious but intelligible phrase"—upon the old Tory party? The present papers shed no important light on the dark intrigues that attended the formation of Canning's ill-fated Administration. They only show that at the outset neither Peel nor Wellington was averse to support Canning, or to act cordially with Huskisson and the rest of Canning's wing. (See i. 365.) The sudden rupture is left entirely unexplained. Croker was in confidential communication with Canning throughout the whole of the transactions, and Peel resented it. But of the working of Peel's mind we have not a glimpse, though Croker was, to use Peel's own words, in full possession of his "opinions and fixed intentions in certain contingencies." It is certainly diffi-



cult to reconcile Peel's attitude on the question during his walk with Croker in February, with the explanation that he afterwards gave in Parliament of the reasons for his refusal to serve under Canning. The case has been put by no one that we know of so clearly as by Sir George Lewis. If Peel, he says, really thought that the removal of the Catholic disabilities would be productive of the evils which he described, and that the system of exclusion ought to be permanently maintained as an integral part of the British Constitution, then he ought to have urged the formation of a Ministry on the principle of resistance to the Catholic claims. If he had a lurking consciousness that his arguments were unsound and his policy untenable, he ought not to have declined to join Canning. (Lewis's *Administrations of Great Britain*, 444.)

The cogency of this dilemma only gives greater plausibility to the unpleasant conclusion of Mr. Disraeli and others, that personal motives counted for more in the affair than might have been expected from so composed and high a character as Peel's. This view has been best stated by Lord Dalling. Mr. Peel, he says, perceived that under Canning, both being in the House of Commons, he would be comparatively insignificant, whereas, if he went off with the Duke of Wellington, and became his chief lieutenant, he would lead the Commons and be a personage of the first importance. For what public object was he to be expected to make the private sacrifice of leaving that section where he was a chief, to join another where he would be a subordinate? "The settlement of the great question which agitated the Empire? No; that was to be left in its actual state. The point at issue was not whether a united Cabinet should be formed to settle the Catholic question, but whether a mixed Cabinet should be formed, with the Duke of Wellington or Mr. Canning at its head, leaving the Catholic ques-

tion unsettled." (Lord Dalling's *Sir Robert Peel*, 40.) If Peel's motives were personal, we know not what better colour can be put upon them than this.

Within two years Peel had carried the Catholic question, which he had resisted all his life. Within three years from that Croker could not understand why he should hesitate to carry the Reform question, which he had also resisted with all his might.

Most of us have been refreshing our memory of the struggle between Lords and Commons in 1831-2, in view of a similar struggle to-day. The Whigs brought in the first Reform Bill in March, 1831. It was defeated in Committee; a dissolution followed; the second Bill was brought in, and after passing the Commons in July by a majority of 136 on the second reading, and a majority of 109 on the third reading in September, was rejected by the Lords on the second reading in October by 199 votes to 158. After a prorogation and a stormy autumn out of doors the third Bill was introduced in December, and sent up to the Lords at the close of March, 1832. The second reading was carried by 9, but Lord Lyndhurst's amendment in Committee led to the defeat of the Government. The King would not agree to make fifty peers, and the Ministers resigned (May 8).

Negotiations were instantly set afoot to transfer the settlement of Reform to a Tory Administration, and those who care for the goings and comings of the bustling parasites of party will find some minute detail in the pages before us. Croker urged Peel to prevent the return of Lord Grey by taking office himself, and substituting some Tory dribble of Reform for the Whig deluge. "You cannot avert the danger," he argued, "but that is all the better reason why you should exert every effort to mitigate and diminish it." These solicitations fell on ears that were wisely closed. "I look upon the exigency and the peril of the present movement," Peel

replied, "without diminishing the extent of the danger, and I do believe that one of the greatest calamities that could befall the country would be that utter want of confidence in the declarations of public men which must follow the adoption of a Bill of Reform by me as a Minister of the Crown. It is not a repetition of the Catholic question. I was then in office. I had advised the concession as a Minister. I should now assume office for the purpose of carrying the measure to which, up to the last moment, I have been inveterately opposed as a revolutionary measure."

It is surprising that Croker should not have foreseen that such a reply was inevitable. Even in 1829 he had talked to Lord Hertford of Peel's "high sensitiveness to public opinion," though about the same time he gave to it the more equivocal name of "cold caution." Wellington would have made the attempt, but Peel firmly refused. Smaller men in the Tory camp thought that they would like to try, but when the moment came they took fright and bolted. Everybody knows the end. The Whigs came back, and secured from the King the power of creating as many peers as might be required. But the Duke and his friends stayed at home, and the Bill was passed without further ado.

When the time came fourteen years later for the third ordeal in Peel's history, Croker played a new part. He attacked Peel in the *Quarterly* with what he called "frank severity," for abandoning Protection and throwing over his old professions and his old friends. Croker's position was perfectly honourable to himself, and illustrates an inevitable difficulty in the relations between a practical statesman and a public writer on political subjects. The writer commits himself to a certain principle, and advocates it with all the strength of settled conviction. New circumstances arise which persuade the statesman that the principle is no longer applicable and will not work. Is the publicist to follow

him in what Wellington would have called his wheel-about, at once to unsay all that he has said, and to argue in favour of the new proposition with all the zeal with which he argued against it? In the case of most journalists this difficulty *solvitur ambulando*. Croker declined that expedient. "My preceding articles," he says (iii. 55), "on the Corn Laws and on the League were written under Peel's eye. I wish your Grace [Wellington] to be aware that my opinions now are just what they always have been, and such as Peel himself and Graham inspired me with." When the battle was over, he repeats his defence. "I would gladly have quitted literary as I have done practical politics when I differed from Peel, but I could not; he had involved me, and I had involved others, in a line of politics which, though he may be able to escape from, we cannot, and I was summoned as a man of honour to support my friends in the struggle into which I had, by Peel's own instructions, led them" (p. 73).

It is hard to discern a good answer to this from the publicist's own point of view. Long afterwards, when a portion of Peel's *Memoirs* was given to the world, Cobden still held that there would remain "much that is difficult to reconcile in his conduct on this question, after everything is said and confessed that can be urged in his defence." Croker was not far from the true explanation, though we do not understand why he should have so strongly taken it as a good ground for his own bitter resentment. His grievance was that Peel had changed his mind about Protection long before the Irish famine, and yet he allowed his friends to remain in ignorance of the change. There can be little doubt, from documents that are accessible to the public, that from 1842 onwards Peel's mind had been travelling steadily along the course that led away from the programme that had given him his majority. The constant suspicions to which Mr. Disraeli at last began to

give utterance were well founded, and though Croker persuaded himself until 1846 that Peel was "staunch and loyal," yet he lets us see clearly enough that from first to last Peel was uncomfortable in his own mind as to his relations with his party. When the rupture came, he perceived that Peel had "all along" been pursuing a system of "belonging to no party and disclaiming all party connections." Lord Derby was more accurate when he said that Peel's "release of his former friends from their allegiance to him was meant to leave himself quite free to form any connection, independent of them, which might enable

him again to take a prominent part, and guide the progress of social changes which he thinks cannot be averted" (iii. 86).

However this may have been, let us not forget that Mr. Gladstone has described Peel as "the most laboriously conscientious man" that he has ever known. Perhaps the best explanation of the difficulties in his career is that his conscience was only too laborious, and that he weighed his duty with a hand at once too scrupulous and too comprehensive to be intelligible to men more stoutly equipped with what Butler calls "the immoral thoughtlessness" of the world.

## OVER THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS BY THE CANADIAN PACIFIC LINE IN 1884.

BY PROFESSOR G. G. RAMSAY.

THE sun had just risen on the morning of September 17th, 1884. For forty-eight hours we had been rolling along at an easy jogging pace over the vast prairie region of the north-west of Canada, and had watched with curiosity the various degrees of flatness which can be exhibited on the earth's surface. To a north country eye, indeed, the most undulating portions of the prairie appear flat. When you can see a train creeping slowly towards you, while still several miles distant; when its approach is heralded by a pillar of smoke some thirty or forty minutes before it comes in sight, you feel justified in calling that country *flat*. But with a little experience you discern that there is a *flatter* and a *flattest*—vast treeless surfaces of earth so level that a mole-hill stands out against the sky, and a moderate-sized midden (did middens exist in that country) would be an important feature in the landscape. Not that it is without its own beauty, this flatness: where cultivation has not come in to take the poetry out of the ground, there is a glorious sense of freedom and joyousness in that endless stretching surface, clad in its russet garb of short sturdy grass interwoven with flowers, rolling ceaselessly away, and seeming to dip down gently and brightly into some sparkling sea beyond the horizon. The air is bright and transparent with a clearness scarce known to us; the obstructions and deformities of man's making are unknown; and as the miles fly by, hundred after hundred, as the sun rises and mounts and sinks through a changeless sky, and over a scene that is ever the same, all impressions are merged in one deep sense of infinite space and infinite calm.

By night the sense of vastness is transferred to the sky: the heavens seem broader than elsewhere, the stars brighter and larger, as they flash like signals through the clear air.

As we roll on for days and nights with the same vast plain around us, we feel at last as if it would never end; but we are astir early this morning, believing that it *will* end to-day, for a whisper has gone round that "the Rockies" are in sight. We crowd out on to the platform at the end of the sleeping-car. What a morning!—what a view!—a sight indeed not to be forgotten throughout our lives. There are few grander sights than the circle of the Alps as seen from Milan Cathedral; scarcely less fine is the giant wall of the Pyrenees as sighted from Toulouse; but neither the one nor the other presents so magnificent a spectacle as that steep straight line of snowy peaks, rising in one endless chain out of the flat, to put bounds at length to the seemingly boundless prairie. The contrast is so sudden, so complete: there is no succession of hill ranges, leading gradually upwards; there are no long, penetrating valleys. The wall of rock and snow leaps straight out of the plain; and the immense distance at which it can be seen through the clear air, and over the absolute level of the prairie, enables the eye to take in at once a stretch of mountain which is literally hundreds of miles in length. As they stand out now before us, glittering in the morning sun, the Rockies are fully 120 miles away; and as closely as we can calculate, the chain extends over no less than 110 degrees of the horizon. Thus some 200 miles of unbroken mountain barrier are

spread before us at once. It is this huge length, and not the height, which gives its character to the chain.

A glance at the map will show that the Rocky Mountains, as they trend southwards, extend always further to the east: as our course is nearly due west, we approach them therefore in a slanting direction, and have them on our flank all day as we creep slowly up to them. Slowly, very slowly, we approach them; we sighted them at early morning, and it takes the entire day fairly to reach their foot.

At 2 P.M. we arrive at Calgary, the last city of the plain, the furthest point at which agricultural settlement has begun. We are now 914 miles west of Winnipeg. Our slow, old-country minds can scarce take in the fact that in a space of two years this vast region of fertile earth has been rendered habitable—has, in fact, for practical purposes, been *created*—by the energy of a railway company. Those two slim threads of iron have conquered a new world; they have brought hope and plenty within reach of the starving multitudes of the old. Two years ago, a nameless waste, known only to the wild beast and his trapper; to-day that iron thread holds together a long line of infant settlements, full of energy and promise, extracting from the willing earth the treasures which she has been accumulating for ages.

As we slow to enter the station at Calgary we cross the River Bow, whose full-rushing transparent waters, edged with thin lines of pines, fall gratefully upon the eye after the waterless, treeless plain. Here we learn the omnipotence of the railway. The old town of Calgary—that is, the town of two years back—was upon the east side of the river, upon what seems the best natural site. When the railway came, the owners of the town plots there tried to make too good a bargain for themselves, so the railway ran past them, crossed the river, and set up its station on the other side. Within six months the station has gathered a thriving community round it, and Calgary the Ancient is deserted.

We had a friend near Calgary, and as we were anxious to see what are the conditions of life in this *Ultima Thule*, we determined to pay him a visit. His case is a remarkable one. He is a man of middle age, who has been for years leading a busy life and realising a handsome professional income in London. He has a comfortable and indeed luxurious suburban home, where all the healthy adjuncts of English life—cricket, boating, lawn-tennis, tri-cycling—have been at the command of his family, and himself during his leisure moments. But his health gave way; he was ordered rest and open air; and his family circumstances had not permitted him to save. Still full of energy, and not caring to face life at home under new conditions, he has resolved to pluck up his roots altogether and begin life anew, both for himself and his family. A son came out in early spring and joined three friends in taking up a section of land—640 acres—near Calgary: he was now out on a visit to the party, “prospecting around,” as our Western friends term it, to see where he should pitch a tent for himself.

The four friends have chosen a nice-lying spot about seven miles from Calgary. We cross the Bow, and follow the Fish-Creek Trail, over gentle prairie slopes which remind us of English downs. Here and there, by the trail side, we pass Indian wigwams, or *tepees*, as they are called. The proprietors are mostly basking in the delicious September sun: some few, as they lie, hold rough lumps of beef to cook picnic-fashion over their log fires. Far to our right is the grand rugged wall of the Rockies; we turn off to the left, canter over the prairie, and suddenly mounting a slight rise, come suddenly upon our friends' settlement. They have been established here just four months. Already they have a house, a farm, and a settlement of their own. The two elder of the party—one of whom is married—had for some years filled responsible positions in mercantile houses in London; but with the usual good fortune of “confidential

clerks," who do all the work of a firm and get none of the promotion, no prospect of further advance could be held out to them. Only one of the four have had any experience of outdoor life, yet all four have set to work without any assistance whatever. They have built themselves a house, dug a well, fenced in a homestead, prepared land enough for next year's wheat-crop to fulfil their settlement conditions, and gathered in a good crop of oats and potatoes for the winter, to say nothing of the hay they have stored from the prairie. I found my elder friend at home, coat off, sleeves turned up, looking a practical farmer every inch of him, and very proud of an oat-stack which he had just got into shape—though, I am bound to add, on somewhat unscientific principles. He was beaming with health and spirits—something to do every hour of the day, he said. There was a lightness and a brightness in the air which was intoxicating; and living on the simplest fare, he had said good-bye to town indigestion. He had brought out with him a good load of books—a rare commodity in the west—and what with books, boots, photographic apparatus, guns, and fishing-rods—for excellent trout-fishing is to be had in the Bow—there was a happy, homely look about the simple small-roomed house, and a man plumping down upon it unawares would have been puzzled whether to pronounce it a lodge belonging to some out-of-the-way shooting in the Highlands, or the temporary abode of an Oxford reading-party. The young men were some miles away at the nearest wood, fetching logs to build a stable. The lady of the party—and it is on the lady that the hardest side of the settler's life is ever turned—was battling bravely with the week's washing, as happy and hearty as the rest, and with nothing but the mosquitoes to complain of for herself or children. The four partners had brought out just 500*l.* of capital amongst them. With health and strength, they have their livelihood

assured. Year by year they will be bringing more land under cultivation, thus adding to its value as well as to its produce; they have made a beginning with stock. They have competence, and, I trust, with good fortune, prosperity before them.

Before leaving, I paid a visit to their nearest neighbour, Mr. John Glen, the original settler in that country. Mr. Glen has some sixty acres under crop, and some sixty more broken for next year. A patch of oats he had grown was the finest crop I ever saw; on one root I counted thirty-six stalks, on one head 336 grains. In another field, he had grown oats for six years running, entirely without manure; his crop was over fifty bushels an acre, and probably about 34 lbs. to the bushel. Close by he had dug a pit six feet deep; it showed all the way down a fine dark sandy loam, of the same character as is to be seen in varying depths from one end of the prairie to the other. Mr. Glen's opinion is that the land is as good as this in quality as far east as the Blackfoot Crossing—some sixty miles; as far south as the United States boundary, and as far north as the Deer River—all well-watered country, and within the shelter of the Rocky Mountains.

From Calgary upwards the railway follows closely the course of the Bow River. As we wind slowly up the valley, we have the bold fantastic shapes of the Rockies full in view. We pass first through a fine ranching country, well-watered, well-sheltered, and covered with good natural herbage. As the valley narrows, the nutritious grasses give way to a carpeting of thick scrub; the forest thickens, and runs high up the mountain sides. The bold summits of the Rockies gradually draw near; soon we find ourselves winding in and out under a range of precipices as sheer, and peaks as fantastic in form, as those of the Dolomites. We sight the Devil's Head—a western Matterhorn; we pass close under three massive blocks called the Three Sisters; one of them scraggy, one



stumpy, one massive; all very much the worse for wear. Further on, the splendid yellow-white block of the Castle Mountain towers over everything. It is too dark now to see the colouring; but as the brilliant moon gets up we can see peak after peak of solid grey rock rising out of a deep green sea of forest.

As we enter the mountainous region, our Canadian fellow-travellers are anxious to impress upon us Britishers the stupendous size of everything. The first question a Canadian asks you is invariably, "What do you think of our country?" The second, "Have the people in the old country any idea how big it is?" So now our Canadian friends give exaggerated estimates of the height of the mountains we see (not one of them quite reaches the height of 10,000 feet), and ask us, "How far off do you suppose that rock to be?" (pointing to a rock on a hill side, possibly three miles off). Answer: *Twelve miles*. Or, "Would you believe it to be seven miles by an air line to that next turn in the valley?" pointing to a spot at which we can easily distinguish human figures. I can only reply, "That's not at all surprising. Everything looks small among mountains. Look at the telegraph poles. How far apart do you suppose they are? *Just three-quarters of a mile.*"

Towards midnight we reach Laggan, the last station on the line. As neither love nor money can tempt any one in these regions to act the part of porter, we have to stumble over the dark rails, luggage in hand, dodging engines and shunted trucks, to a settlement of some dozen low wooden houses, with a wooden side-walk in front, popped down beside the line a quarter of a mile further on. We lift a latch and enter "The Royal Hotel." In front is a low room, occupied by two half-grown billiard tables, and a crowd of smokers; behind, a coffee room of rough boards, parted off from the kitchen by a partition of calico suspended from a string. The hotel itself is full; so we are all led off,

escorted by a lantern, to "the Cottage," a low wooden hut on the other side of the rails, set down close to the prattling river.

The architecture of "the Cottage" is simplicity itself. A longish, low, flat-roofed shieling is divided longways by a narrow passage; on each side are a series of cubicles just big enough for two people, provided not more than one of them is out of bed at a time, with a bed big enough, at a pinch, to hold both. The boards which form the partitions gape widely at the joinings, and the partitions themselves fall considerably short of the roof. Thus a free circulation of air—and conversation—is insured, and as our neighbours are not afflicted with reticence, and as those next to us are packed three in one bed, we know exactly before morning what each of them thinks of the situation. One of them is the editor of a Winnipeg Society Journal; he has been scanning the whole party, and drawing exact portraitures of us to appear duly in the next number.

The centre of "the Cottage" is occupied by a room which serves as vestibule, with a stove in the middle full of crackling logs. Here the wakeful spirits congregate, smoke, sing, and tell stories, unheeding their unseen audience.

In the morning hard frost was on the ground. I was up early, intent on a mountaineering expedition. Dr. Edmunds, who had been one of the British Association party, had urged me to explore the Laggan glacier. He himself had gone a good way up it, and had been obliged to camp out for the night, in the suspected vicinity of a bear. The finest peak of the district is the virgin Mount Laggan to the south-east, whose summit is composed of a mass of secondary glacier, rising into a beautiful curling edge of pure snow; but Mount Laggan was clearly too much for a single day's work. To the west of Mount Laggan, however, between it and the Laggan glacier, lay a bold peak which seemed not out of reach, and likely to afford a fine view

of both. The way lay straight up through the forest to the foot of a bare ridge, up which, I was assured, the top could be reached without difficulty. Two hours, I judged, would take me through the forest; but I had soon to learn what Rocky Mountain forest means. To the traveller marching without appliances it is all but impenetrable. Trees of every age and height stand close together, as thick as corn in a field, their branches interlocked; the ground is everywhere cumbered with fallen, decayed, or uprooted trees, piled one on another in every angle of confusion. Thick grasses and brushwood fill up the interstices from below. Whole tracts have been devastated by fires; but the fires have only added to the confusion. They have done nothing in the way of clearance; they have only added hideousness to the scene, burning nothing right through, and bringing down thousands of blackened trunks to strew the ground. All is charred and dismal, a complete "study in charcoal." The whole would form the most elaborate course for an obstacle-race; and what with jumping over and creeping under, crashing through and dodging round, swinging one's self on, or forcing one's way through, it is scarce possible for a pedestrian to advance through such a chaos more than a mile, or even half a mile, in an hour.

I could only occasionally sight my peak, though it rose straight above me, and had to steer my course by the sun. When I was all but beaten, I was buoyed up by the hope of reaching what seemed a steep open slope, leading right up to the summit. But this, alas! when reached, proved to be the most desperate ground of all. What appeared to be coarse grass from below turned out to be a densely-knitted matting of scrubby pine, growing breast high, prickly and tenacious. Each step was a struggle, and a struggle in which I was destined to be vanquished.

The impenetrability of the forests forms the one great obstacle to mountaineering in the Rocky Mountains.

The whole of their lower slopes are covered, for several thousands of feet up, with dense primeval forests of the kind I have described. To force one's way through a few hundred yards of such ground is amusing enough; but it soon ceases to be a joke, and the best part of a day may be lost before the actual mountain side is reached. Open grazing ground, like the "alps" of Switzerland, or the moors of Scotland, there is absolutely none. The dense wood extends everywhere, right up to the steep and precipitous rocky masses which form the summits of the range. It is needless to say there are no tracks or trails up the mountain sides; even through the bottom of the main valley, through which a "pass" was supposed to exist, travellers had to clear for themselves a passage by the axe.

Abandoning my peak in despair, I forced my way down with some difficulty through broken ground of stone and precipice to the beautiful Laggan lake, which lay directly under me to the west. Fed immediately from the Laggan glacier, the waters of the lake have the lovely pale blue tint of Lake Brienz. It is some three and a half miles in length, entirely framed in forest, except where the cliff comes so near as to indulge in a perpetual game of stone-rolling. Soon reaching the head of the lake over the *débris*, I found about a mile of flat ground—the only clear mile in the day's walk—between the lake and the foot of the moraine. At the latter point the valley contracts. Here the stream from the glacier finds its way for some distance underground, and several pieces of extinct moraine running at different angles, one composed of stones of enormous size, mark the height and direction of the glacier at various times.

A steep climb up the moraine now in use—if the expression be allowable—leads on to a fine swelling mass of ice, almost entirely covered with stones, and closely compacted together as though the glacier itself had been shrinking. Scarce any crevasses are

to be seen; not even water-courses mark the surface. There are no "moulins," none of the signs and sounds of life, scarcely any of the ice-cones, which so prominently mark the Swiss glacier. An hour and a half's steady climb brings me fairly to the centre, and I can take in the whole lie of the glacier at a glance. It is a large lake of ice, not much varied on the surface, which divides a little further up into two branches. The main branch, that on my right, to the west, runs gradually up to the base of a grand amphitheatre of abrupt cliffs. These cliffs are crowned, the whole way round, with deep masses of *névé*, or secondary glacier, which fall off as they reach the edge, and thus feed the main glacier below. There is no ice-fall, there are no seracs; nor does the glacier itself at any point force its way continuously upwards, so as to form a passage to a col above. It is a huge ice-pond, fed continuously by the ice-drippings from above. As I passed my eye round the upper cliffs, I had just arrived at the conclusion that it would be highly dangerous to go close under them, when the well-known roar of an avalanche caught my ear. A huge mass of upper ice had broken off, and was tumbling in a magnificent cascade down the cliff. This account will show that the glacier itself is somewhat devoid of interest; but it occupies a magnificent basin, and the grand series of rocky peaks which surround it, though none are of first-class height, offer an endless variety of excursions to the explorer. Mount Laggan is the noblest peak of the group, but it is not visible from the glacier.

On the following day we were to be taken to the end of the track on a construction train, and we had to be up betimes. We travelled up to the summit, five miles beyond Laggan, in a "caboose," a kind of guard's van, with a raised post of observation at the end. Here there is a station called Stephen. Close to the very top of the pass, which is 5,276 feet above the sea-level, the line passes

through a lake of exquisite clear blue water, lined on every side with straight towering pines. Here the scenery is of the most magnificent description. Out of a sea of green forest rise range after range of white jagged rocks, which run out in bold buttresses to the valley, and draw themselves coldly and proudly back into peaks of virgin snow. Above all, straight before us, towers Mount Stephen, monarch of the group, standing 9800 feet above the sea; a grand mass of white and yellow rock, picked out with snow, and supporting a thick layer of blue glacier ice on his very top. The mountain itself, as well as the station at the summit, derives its name from the well-known President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Mr. Stephen, whom we Scotchmen are proud to call our countryman. Head and shoulders above his fellows, he looks proudly down upon the East and the West which he has united, and which no energy short of his could have brought together. Most men, when they make the great union of their lives, are warned that man may not put asunder those whom God has joined: but in this union of provinces thousands of miles apart, separated by immense prairies, by a vast and impracticable mountain chain, and by a belt of 250 inhospitable miles in which there is no room for human employment, no means of raising food for man or beast, it may be truly said that man has joined those whom God has put asunder.

Three miles below the summit we reach the Saw-mills, where is another lovely wood-embosomed lake. We are now fairly on the incline towards the Pacific, and about to take the plunge down the torrent bed of the Kicking Horse river; for such is the romantic name of the torrent which leads down to the Columbia river, and of the Pass through which we are now going. The river owes its name, the tradition says, to the propensities of a certain horse which accompanied the pioneer-excursion of *The Earl and the Doctor*—so runs the title of Lord Milton's book—some twenty years ago. The said

animal possessed what a Rocky Mountain guide lately described to Lord Justice Bowen as a "versatile off hind leg;" but on *whom* the versatility was displayed is still matter of dispute. The navvies' version of the legend, however, holds fast to this: that the horse spared the Earl, but kicked to death the Doctor.

From the Saw-mills to the Flats the railway runs through the most difficult portion of the road yet constructed. Twice crossing the Kicking Horse, it is carried at some height above the stream along alarmingly steep slopes composed mainly of mountain talus. At several points, as tremendous gashes on the mountain slope plainly show, the line, as now engineered, is exposed to avalanches both of snow and stones—"snow-slides" and "stone-slides," as they are prosaically called—which at certain seasons pour down from the precipitous face of Mount Stephen—or, to give it the unromantic name by which the navvies have dubbed it, "Tunnel Mountain." Over this unstable slope the track descends by a formidable incline of no less than 237 feet in the mile, or  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., which constitutes the main difficulty of the line as at present worked. As it is, and until the heavy engines specially constructed for the purpose, with eight driving-wheels, arrive upon the scene, it is scarcely safe. The heavy grade of 237 feet per mile extends for a distance of four miles; for the other four miles, which make up the eight miles from the Saw-mills to the Flats, the incline is about one half less steep.

The descent down this portion was to be the excitement of the day. Eight or ten cars loaded with rails and "ties," i.e., sleepers, can just manage to make the descent in safety with breaks all set and an engine at either end. On several occasions trains have refused to be curbed, and have broken clean away. Once a train, with 270 men going down for their day's work, broke loose. One by one, all the men jumped off. Scarce had the last man leapt, when the train, rushing at forty

or fifty miles an hour down the new-laid track, and scorning a side line up the hill turned open to intercept the runaway, "jumped" the rails at the curve close to the second crossing over the river, and dashed straight on into a precipitous face of rock. "There was just enough old iron left," said the pointsman who saw the crash, "to fill a moderate sized wheelbarrow."

Orders had arrived that no ladies were to be permitted to make the descent; we obtained, however, special leave, on undertaking to relieve the company of liability, rather than miss the chance of getting on to the end of the track that day. The train could only be held, we were assured, so long as it travelled at four or five miles an hour; it would be easy to leap off at that pace, and we made preparations accordingly. Fate, however, interposed; the train which was to take us down could not get up this morning, as frost was on the rails, so we had the pleasure of walking down those magnificent eight miles without fear of any accident beyond that which a week or two before had nearly befallen two members of the British Association party. Emerging from the tunnel under Mount Stephen, Dr. Selwyn noticed a few small stones dropping down from above. His practised eye told him what was coming, and he had just time to jump back himself, and urge his companion on, when down came a huge mass of rock, which crashed right through the trestle bridge on which he had been standing, and left the two friends with the track wholly carried away between them.

Eight miles of glorious descent brought us to the Flats, or "Tunnel City," as the navvies called it. Below us all the way the Kicking Horse leapt and snorted and fretted, his waters just tinged with blue to tell of his glacier birth. At each step fresh peaks of rock or snow kept opening up over the everlasting base of forest. At the Flats—an even "haugh" of some mile in length where two valleys meet—a fresh construction train was to take us on to

the end. Here had been the scene of the last encampment, or "city," set up for the accommodation of the 3000 or 4000 men working on the line. Only three or four smoke-begrimed tents are still standing: some of these are in the act of being struck, and their slender furnishings—soon to be the occasion of a tragic catastrophe—are piled up beside us as we squat upon our open car, on the top of a load of rails. But there are manifold traces—none, alas! of the lovely sort—that man has been here encamped: the oozy ground reeks with garbage, broken plates and meats; above all, with innumerable empty cans—"tins," as we should call them—which are the universal token of man's presence in these western regions.

The engine whistles—or rather "booms" (why should not *our* railways adopt the deep-toned and not unpleasant American whistle, in place of that ghastly nerve-destroyer which rends the British ear?)—and we are off. In a few minutes we are like charcoal burners, covered with thick layers of wood-cinders from the engine. We go rattling and wobbling over fifteen miles of new-laid track, through the same glorious scenery of mountain, rock, and forest. The impenetrable forest comes up to the very line: there is no passable foot of ground but the line itself, and the clearance which has been made for forty feet on each side of it. The line ahead of us, half laid and unballasted, looks like a pair of wavy ribbons laid down casually on the ground. Here and there comes a swamp, or "muskeg," as it is termed, which shakes beneath us; and our nerves are sorely tried as we rush over the bridge which crosses the Otter-tail Creek. It is 110 feet high, constructed of light timbers put together on the Howe truss principle. There is no parapet; our truck has no gunwale; and as we sit on our heap of rails we seem to be shot mysteriously through space. We can see the torrent boiling far below; but the

slender woodwork which supports us is invisible.

As we go on, the forest seems to get denser and denser; but there is one fine feature which gives variety to its surface. Here and there are broad straight gashes in it, all down the mountain face; these mark the spots where "stone-slides" or "snow-slides" have shot down, rasing all the wood before them as with a knife. The young wood grows up fresh and green; and works the whole mountain-side into a patch-work quilt.

At length we arrive safely at the "New City," a city of tent and waggon, fitted to meet all the pressing needs of a community of 4000 workers. Tents of every shape and form, each with a stove-pipe stuck through somewhere; piles of stores and railway material; hundreds of mules and horses picketed everywhere in the shade; every one on the look-out for the supply of food, the rails and "ties" which we are bringing, and for want of which the whole army has been brought to a standstill. Some of the grimest tents have titles in large letters which scarce correspond to their outward appearance. "Grand Central Hotel," says one; another proclaims itself "First-class Restaurant; Meals at all hours;" "Laundry" is on a third, while a fourth announces itself in letters of paint and gold as a "*Tonsorial Palace*."

No time is lost in bringing up the ties and rails to the front; and for the next two hours we are absorbed in watching the interesting process of rail-laying. The cleverness, the zeal, and the rapidity with which the work is pushed on, are quite marvellous. A sufficient number of ties had been already laid on the track for a good way ahead. The work now was to bring up, lay down, and fasten the rails. First the engine shoves on the trucks with the newly-arrived rails as far as they can go; they are then thrown down in heaps on either side. The engine retires; gangs of men, each under its own "boss," lift up the rails one by one, and deposit them on a trolley—a small truck fitted with



rollers to enable the rails to be paid out easily. The trolley is whipped out by a horse to the end of the last laid rail, where it is quickly unloaded. As soon as one pair of rails are deposited in their proper positions, the trolley is pushed on over these, and so on till the whole load is placed *in situ*. So soon as the trolley is empty, up comes another with a full load, the empty trolley is whisked off the rails to let the new one go by, and starts back for a fresh load. Meanwhile, as rapidly as each pair of rails is paid out, there are gangs behind who fasten the rails together by fish-plates, gauge the width, and drive home the 6-inch spikes which wed the rails to the ties. No "chairs" are used in America: the spikes alone are deemed sufficient to secure the rails, and so the work of rail-laying can, under favourable conditions, be pushed on at a speed almost incredible. On the open prairie, where mule trains could work easily on each side, no less than six-and-a-quarter miles were on one occasion laid in one day by the Canadian Pacific; and even this "record" was surpassed by the Union Pacific line, who are said, in one day, to have laid the astounding length of 10 miles 200 feet of new road!

There is great rivalry between the different gangs of men, and the work is so closely calculated that each set can just manage when working at top speed to keep up with the set ahead, and to prevent being overtaken by those behind them. When once the line has been "located," first come the men who make the road; then the bridge-makers; then the tie-layers, who lay the sleepers on ahead, by help of mule trains; then the "track-layers," *i.e.* rail-layers, and rail-fasteners; after all, the finishers, who straighten and supplement the ties, and lay the ballast. Each gang tries hard to overtake the one in front; all work at a high pressure which seems to be indigenous in every department of work to the transatlantic air. It was truly marvellous to see the energy and perfection of organisation with which these motley bands were work-

ing—Americans, English, Canadians, Irish, Germans, Poles, Swedes, and Russians—every nationality save American Indians, who *cannot* work—all working their hardest, and at word of command, to convert into a reality the union of British Columbia with Canada.

A grand summer evening was closing in the day, and it was time to consider how we would spend the night. The "Grand Central Hotel" did not look inviting; and as it was rumoured that, in spite of every prohibition, some whisky had found its way into the camp, it was probable that it would be extra lively there that night. Fortunately we had fallen in with our countryman, Mr. Cunningham, who is engaged in the survey of the line—and where in Canada does one *not* find a Scotchman! and who had most kindly shown us over all the works. We now found that he had made excellent arrangements for our comfort. The forward gang of men are accommodated in a train composed of large rough vans, fitted up with partitions into sleeping-bunks and eating-places. Each carriage is a sort of human pigeon-box, and the whole constitutes a village on wheels. As the rails are laid, the village is pushed on each day, and so the men are kept always close to their work. One of these carriages is fitted up as a store, with counter, shelves, and stove, and a nice little compartment with two sleeping berths at the back. Here we found excellent accommodation; and soon after, clambering down a precipitous ladder to the ground, made our way to the "restaurant" car, where we had a good supper off soup, tea and—the one universal food of Western Canada—tough beefsteak. How beef could be so *invariably* tough, I was at a loss to understand; till it was explained to me that, having allowed the animal so many more years of life than usual before he is killed—for here oxen work at the plough as long as they can stand—they make up for it by arranging that once killed, the smallest possible number of hours shall elapse before he is cooked.



Next morning we found that a genuine incident of camp life had occurred during the night. The previous day, as I have mentioned, the "fitting" of some tents at "the Flats" had taken place, and our train had taken down the furniture—consisting of a few chairs—of no less a person than the proprietor of the "Tonsorial Palace" himself. This gentleman was coloured; and his daughters, who had accompanied us on our truck, were the *artistes* of the "Laundry." In unloading the chairs at the new city, the leg of one of them had got broken; and the coloured gentleman, known to be a man of violent temper, swore he would "knife" the "boss" who was responsible for the unloading. This boss was a splendidly made Irishman, and we had admired his style of working. The whisky, sure enough, had arrived; the "Tonsor regius" took his fill, and, mad with drink, encountered the Irish boss after dark. He went straight for him with a razor, and swore he would do for him. The Irishman whipped out a revolver and ordered him off. But the Tonsor was bent on revenge; his razor was known to have been similarly employed before; and in a moment three or four bullets were in his body.

In the morning, as the news spread, a cheerful sense of excitement spread through the "city." No one was sorry for the poor barber: no one blamed the Irishman. Apart from the rights of the quarrel, there was a general sense of satisfaction that the occupation of the new settlement had been ushered in by an act of vigour and importance. "It's quite a city now," said one man to me; "they've had a man shot." "They've been at their shooting already," said another. They were evidently proud of the event; their city had established its reputation, and acquired notoriety.

Soon after I met the doctor. "How's the barber?" I asked. "Pretty low," was his reply; and with that he showed me two bullets, of which one

had gone through the body and been flattened on the far side, while the other had struck the breast sideways, and taken a circuitous course round the ribs, under the arm, and gone out at the back. The poor fellow died, unpitied, that evening.

So far were we enabled to go this year by the kindness of the directors of the Canadian Pacific. The railway was just reaching the Beaver-foot Summit; some fifteen or twenty miles more will take it to the Columbia river. To make the line complete from sea to sea, there are still three considerable gaps; between the Beaver-foot Summit and Kamloops there are two severe ranges to cut through; the section from Kamloops to the Pacific at Port Moody is nearly finished. There remains the difficult portion to the north of Lake Superior, which is progressing apace, and whose completion will render the line independent of the winter-frozen lakes. But all of these difficulties, it is confidently expected, will be surmounted within a year; and upon the 22nd August, 1885—so Mr. Van Horne, the intrepid managing director, assures me—a train will start from Montreal at twelve o'clock noon to carry the directors and a distinguished party all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific—a distance of 2,900 miles—all over their own line, and all over Canadian soil. It will be a marvellous trip, no doubt; but when all is made easy for the traveller, when the comfortable Pullman drags its sleeping and wearied occupants through the Kicking Horse Pass, I doubt whether they will experience the same fresh sense of pleasure, the same awe at the apparently insurmountable obstacles which Nature has placed in the way of man's progress, the same admiration of the human ingenuity and power which have overcome them, which were enjoyed by those who, like ourselves, had the opportunity of seeing the work while still under construction, and when its difficulties were but half surmounted.

## HENRY FAWCETT: IN MEMORIAM.

THE death of Henry Fawcett has been felt as a national misfortune. To some of us it has also been an irreparable private loss. My own friendship with him dates back to old college days, when he had not suffered his great misfortune or turned it, by his splendid courage, into something almost like an advantage. I do not know that this length of friendship really gives me any power of speaking to more purpose than others. Fawcett's character was one of admirable simplicity and completeness. The sphere within which his intellect worked most effectively was, of course, strictly limited; he could not be called versatile or widely cultivated; but the limitations of his faculties only increased their energy and concentrated his activities. It followed that his great qualities could be recognised at a glance; no subtle psychology is required to analyse and explain his peculiarities: morally and intellectually he was one of the simplest, as also of the most vigorous of men. And, therefore, the various accounts that have appeared have a striking uniformity. No portrait painter could fail to draw correctly the main outlines of that masculine figure. Fawcett, as a public man, belongs almost as much to outside observers as to his intimate friends. The friends may be able to add characteristic details; but they can say nothing that will materially modify the universal opinion. At most their utterance must come to this: that Fawcett was in private what he was in public; the most genuine, unaffected, and downright of men, in whose loyalty and sincerity we could trust as we trusted the solid earth. I feel that I can add substantially nothing to the general impression, but I will venture to emphasise one or two points.

In the various philosophising about

democracy to which we have been lately treated, we have been told again and again that *Demos* loves a flatterer; that he prefers appeals to his baser propensities; and that the future of the world belongs to the orator and the demagogue who can pander most skilfully to the passions of the mob. Certain recent facts may suggest that this doctrine requires at least a qualification. The people of the United States have shown just now that they prefer to the ranting stump-orator the man who is distinguished solely by doing his duty and fighting rogues like an honest citizen. No king or hero in modern times has been the object of more enthusiastic love than Lincoln, who, as Mr. Lowell has just told us, won his way by "honesty, wisdom, sincerity, faith in God and man, and the nobly humane simplicity of his character." Really to touch the heart of a nation, to gain permanent authority over their passions, nothing, it would seem, answers better in the long run than manly independence, disinterestedness, and a single eye to their permanent welfare. It would perhaps be more profitable if our teachers enforced this fact upon us instead of hopelessly denouncing the inevitable. Democracy must come, and the only question is whether it is to find rulers who will be its flatterers or its guides. Fawcett's whole career may point the moral which we should desire to impress. His hatred of all affectation and humbug, his genuine homespun shrewdness, his love of tangible practical issues, sometimes led people, at least at the outset of his career, to fancy that he might lean too much to the side of temporary expediency. He expressed himself naturally in terms of plain common-sense. He was convinced, as fully as Franklin or Bentham, that

honesty was the best policy. But then, as we came to see, he interpreted that homely but rather ambiguous maxim in the loftier sense. He did not infer the right from the convenient, but was penetrated to the core with the conviction that justice was also certain to be expedient. It was a vulgar error, he was fond of insisting, to imagine that a popular constituency was most accessible to the more vulgar motives. It would not answer, he would say, to flatter your hearers by finding excuses for shifting burdens rightfully belonging to the English upon the shoulders of the people of India. Even the common householder would prefer an appeal to his sense of justice and generosity. It is possible that some moralists would find fault with even this reference to utilitarian ends. They would not be content with Fawcett's belief in the necessary connection between the right and the finally popular side, and would propose to discard all reference whatever to any considerations of practical success. I need not ask whether Fawcett would have followed them in such speculations, in which indeed he took little interest. But I am certain that, so far as his practice was concerned, his adherence to what he held to be justice and mercy, was as unqualified as if he had held the most highflown of metaphysical theories. If his morality was the fruit of experience, if it sprung out of rather prosaic considerations, his determination to stand by the right was unflinching and unflinching.

Fawcett, when I first knew him, showed this temper less prominently though not, I think, less really than afterwards. He first took hold of things by their plain practical side. This or that measure would injure the independence or the comfort of the poor. Then it must be bad. An increased tax, as he once remarked to me on some proposal to satisfy the supposed requirements of national honour, meant that every old woman in England would have a lump of sugar the less

in her tea. That was the definite fact on which he based his policy; and surely it is not one to be overlooked by a true statesman. It savours, as I have said, of the Franklin type of morality, and, I may be allowed to add, is none the worse for that. But his shrewdness developed into something better than the quality valued by political wirepullers or speculators in foreign securities, because underneath the shrewdness lay a large masculine and genial nature. He hated all oppression as a lover of fair play, and as one who had won his own successes in an open field without a single adventitious aid, and in spite of a terrible disqualification. He loved the university in which he had been brought up for this as much as anything, that its prizes were uniformly given to the best man without a shadow of favouritism. Fairness of this kind is a fine quality, and is common to many virile athletes of Fawcett's stamp. But with him it became something nobler because it never led to want of sympathy with those who had the worst of the struggle. Disciples of Mill are sometimes criticised as though their highest aim would be secured when all social activity was reduced to a scramble in which the strongest win and the weakest go to the wall. Nothing could be less like the spirit in which Fawcett, and, I may add, Mill himself, preached his doctrine. It is true that they had less faith than their critics in coercing people for their own good; that they valued self-reliance as the highest of qualities, and looked with suspicion upon any remedy calculated to lessen it; and it may be that they put more faith than was justifiable in the regenerative power of a simple removal of obsolete shackles. But the error—if an error—was not an ungenerous one. The very root of all Fawcett's political activity was his sympathy with the oppressed labourer, and his eager desire to open the way for all conceivable efforts to raise his position, morally, intellectually, and

socially. Fawcett's pet theories, doctrinaire crochets as some people call them, his belief in the representation of minorities and the concession of political rights to women, were equally the outcome of a thoroughly generous nature; of a nature to which it was intensely repugnant that any class should be excluded by force or prejudice from exercising a direct influence upon its rulers.

The same qualities made Fawcett the best of friends. As a young man he was ambitious; the athlete longed to put forth his strength, and heartily enjoyed the natural applause. In a meaner nature such ambition implies a readiness to drop any ties which are not directly subservient to the main end. A strong man is a man who makes himself felt, and sometimes in shouldering aside the crowd he is apt to tread heavily on his neighbour's toes. If I ever thought Fawcett capable of such conduct, and I am not certain that I was as confident as I ought to have been, I do penance for it in my heart. It was at any rate not long before I learnt to recognise him as one of the most faithful, even, in a sense, one of the most delicate, of friends. I found out very early that if one of our friends was ill or out of spirits, the man who was most certain to be found sitting in his rooms, and cheering him by the heartiest and least morbid of talk, was this massive rough comforter whom I had thought capable of exclusive absorption in his own pursuits. More than one of our common friends fell into ill-health, or suffered from grievous forms of mental depression, in later years. Whenever he knew of such a case, Fawcett was unwearied in his kindness, and would find time to do what he could to soothe and animate the sufferer. It would happen now and then that in the bestowal of our small pieces of college preferment, some one was unable to put forward his claims properly, and was in danger of a probably quite unintentional injustice. No one in such case was so eager as Fawcett to

see that the right thing was done. When I went to see him, in later years, I was certain to hear the latest news of old acquaintances who had drifted into different paths of life, but with whom Fawcett still maintained cordial relations. His utter absence of anything approaching to shyness made him at all times the easiest of men with whom to establish a friendly understanding. An hour's chat went further with him than months of intercourse with many whom I have known. And in spite of occasional roughness of manner, there was such utter absence of anything approaching to malice or jealousy in his strongest utterances, that I fancy he never made an enemy. That his opponents should respect him was natural; in most cases, I believe, they added cordial good will to bare respect. I cannot speak fully of his kindness to me personally. This only I can say, that, in the course of a thirty years' friendship, which for many years meant daily intercourse and animated discussion of all manner of topics, I never had a harsh word from him; and up to the very last, when for years our intercourse had been of necessity limited to occasional interviews, I not only found him as cordial as ever, perhaps increasingly cordial at every successive meeting, but I knew that I could absolutely depend upon his more than readiness, his eagerness, to do me services, and that he would even think of ways in which he could be serviceable before they had occurred to me. And I was only one of many. His circle went on widening to the last; and the melancholy gaps made by death and enforced separation were always being filled by new acquaintances. He specially enjoyed the society of younger men, and had he lived to the extremest old age could never have been solitary.

And thus, as time went on, I saw with growing clearness that Fawcett's was one of the nobler natures which are raised and mellowed by experience of life. It could hardly be otherwise with a man who gathered friends

wherever he went. Turn him naked in the streets of a foreign town, it was said of some commercial magnate, and he will be a millionaire in ten years. It was equally true of Fawcett, that if he had been turned loose in a crowd of strangers who had never heard his name, he would have been in a short space the centre of a whole network of warm friendships. If in politics his real sympathy with the poor and oppressed became gradually more dominant as he grew more sympathetic as well as more independent, that was the natural outcome of a nature which was constantly accumulating a stock of what Johnson called "reciprocal benevolence." He was as shrewd and hardheaded a man of business as could be found, but it was to the sturdy cultivation of kindly feeling that he chiefly owed, not only the sympathy

of numbers who only knew him at a distance, but a cheerfulness and unbroken felicity such as falls to the lot of few. Of his domestic happiness I do not venture to speak. It is needless to say that so good a friend must have had the happiest of hearths, and that home influences must have been the most potent in developing his genial nature. To lose him is for me to lose the figure round which gathered many of my happiest associations, and who always seemed a living embodiment of the buoyant spirit and unhesitating trustfulness of early youth. But, of this I am but too certain, that my affection has not prompted me to say a single word of the truth of which I am not thoroughly convinced, nor enabled me to speak the full truth as I should wish it to be spoken.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

## BORROUGHDALÉ OF BORROUGHDALÉ.

"For every man hath a talent if he do but find it."—JOHN LOCKE.

## PART II.

## CHAPTER III.

THE very slight amount of esteem expressed for his new studies by his friends and relations gave but little concern to Lord Borroughdale. More accurately it may be said to have concerned him not at all. He was not used, as we have seen, to admiration in that quarter. Despite those attributes of his which might, under ordinary circumstances, have been supposed to give rise to some such feeling, a sort of good-humoured indulgence, deepening at times into something like pitying contempt, was their most familiar attitude towards him, and of this he himself was perfectly well aware. Dull as he was, his dulness, as we have also seen, was not that truly enviable variety which enwraps its possessor in a triple-lined coat of mail, through which no dart, however potent, can ever penetrate. On the contrary, it had always been pricked through and through with a certain irritated consciousness of itself; he hated it; he chafed against it; he longed to get away from it, to find himself in the freer air, amid the larger surroundings of those to whose intelligence what to him was opaque appeared clear and apprehensible. When therefore, for the first time in his life, he perceived a direction in which his faculties, instead of standing still in torpid ineptitude, seemed to leap, flow, and move of their own accord, it was not very likely that any pressure from without would hinder him from following the invitation.

One thing, and one alone, filled him as the days went on with disquietude, and that was the footing upon which he stood with regard to Katherine

Holland. It seemed to him that he made no way at all. He was not, it is true, repulsed, but then neither was he encouraged. He could not even flatter himself that he had made clear his sentiments to her at all. When he called—and he called I may say extremely often—she was always friendly, always ready to discuss his latest zoological perplexity, to eke out, so far as her capacity enabled her, his, at present, very limited amount of knowledge in that direction; but whenever the conversation threatened to take a more personal and therefore interesting turn, it seemed to him that she always contrived quietly but determinedly to lead it away to safer and less exciting topics, a manœuvre which, helpless as ever in conversational matters, he found himself powerless to avert, though it inwardly filled him with rage and wild gnashings of teeth at his own stupidity.

If he was helpless, however, he was also very tenacious, a family trait which here as elsewhere stood him in good stead. He swore to himself that he was not going to be balked; that come what would she must, would, should hear him yet; and with this resolve clear before his mind he was able, with more semblance of equanimity, to await the slow but all-decisive course of events.

That he was honestly, intensely, irrecoverably in love with Katherine Holland as man need be, he had not a shadow of doubt. It is true that he had had no previous experience of the sensation, but then neither, on the other hand, had he ever had any experience of a glow which had lost its first intensity. He loved her for herself; for her grave, slightly, perhaps, austere beauty, for her brightness and clear-eyed intelligence, for the unflinching



gentleness with which she met the, often, as it seemed to him, unreasonable calls upon her time and patience; finally and chiefly he loved her for that best of all reasons—*because* he loved her, because everything about her filled him with a joy, a rapture, a sense of exhilaration, of which his previous intercourse with his fellow beings had given him no faintest inkling.

One not a little amusing transformation resulted from all this. Boroughdale, to whom the portals of what is called the great world stood as naturally open as his own hall door, and who had hitherto shown such remarkably slight anxiety to get inside them, now, on the contrary, exhibited a willingness to present himself at reunions to which that great world in its ignorance and impertinence would in all probability have turned up its distinguished nose.

Mrs. Holland dearly loved such mild dissipations as came within her sphere, and, more to please her than for any great joy which they afforded her personally, Miss Holland allowed herself to be conducted to them, and, for the sake of seeing, and occasionally, when he summoned courage, of talking to her, Boroughdale too began to frequent them. The difficulty of procuring invitations was not, as will be imagined, insurmountable! The society which the Hollands moved in was largely made up of the professional element—the medical, as incorporating a greater infusion of science than any other, perhaps preponderating. Science, however, pure and simple, was also to be found, those occasions on which the greater scientific bodies throw wide their doors to the wives, sisters, cousins, and remotest connections of their members constituting perhaps the highest, or at any rate the most striking, points in Mrs. Holland's social horizon. All, or a considerable portion, of these entertainments, Lord Boroughdale now took to attending. His mantelpiece, long destitute of those natural adornments of a young man about town, began about

this time to bristle with shining announcements that the *conversazione* of the Microscopical Society would take place upon such a day, or that Professor and Madame Van Ovibos would hope for the pleasure of the Marquis of Boroughdale's society at their *soirée* upon the 22nd. Calling from time to time upon his son, Mr. Vansittart would turn over a dozen, perhaps, or more, similar intimations, lifting them one by one between his finger and thumb, and dropping them again upon the mantelpiece, with a slight elevation of his brows and a perceptible start of astonishment as each fresh, and to his mind, more utterly incongruous announcement met his gaze.

Boroughdale himself was quite unconscious, however, of any incongruity. The society suited him quite well enough—quite as well, at any rate, as any society was likely to suit him. That sense of being at odds with his world which had hitherto been such a familiar experience, did not obtrude itself here, at any rate not nearly as much. If he were something of a fish out of water still, it was, at least, in a different and a much more endurable way. To Mrs. Holland or Madame Van Ovibos he was not an anomaly at all, but simply an amiable young nobleman, whose presence in their drawing-rooms diffused over their souls a mild sense of beatitude, and whose appearance, way of life, and deportment it did not even enter into their heads to criticise. He might have been on his way to Marlborough House, or returning home from the House of Lords—that natural abiding-place of the young hereditary legislator—for anything either of them could tell to the contrary. Now I hope no one will too hastily accredit Boroughdale with any ignoble love of being first in his company, if I say that in this sort of unhesitating acceptance there was no little balm and solace for him. He was so tired, you see, poor fellow, of being criticised, of knowing that every

one in and out of his own circle of acquaintance had an eye for his vagaries, and was mentally conning over those points in which he differed from the received type, always of course exclusively to his disadvantage. Amongst the younger scientific portion of these gatherings he made friends, too, as (Farquart excepted) he had never as yet done elsewhere. His leanings had always been to the work-a-day side of things, and here that side was to be seen in what may fairly be called its most attractive form, embellished by a thousand possibilities which fired his brain with vague but therefore all the more dazzling notions of what might not yet be in store for a world where all those exciting suggestions would sooner or later become sober and universally accepted matters of fact. If these gatherings had no other merit, moreover, they at least had that of causing Katherine Holland's beauty and bearing to stand out before him in new and more commanding lustre; indeed she seemed to him to be immeasurably more out of keeping with what was ordinary in her surroundings than he was himself. Comparing her, for instance, with the four Miss Macmanuses, daughters of Professor Macmanus, how could he fail to be struck with the difference?

Professor Macmanus was an entomologist, a term which probably sounds quite sufficiently explicit to the outer world, but which the initiated know to be far too coarse and too generalised for anything like accurate definition, entomology, like knowledge itself, having long since passed out of the grasp of any one pair of hands, no matter how strong or how wide-embracing they may be. Professor Macmanus, however, embraced two or three of its divisions, the one in which he had first won his spurs, and made for himself a European reputation, being known as the *Heteroptera*—a term which sounds better perhaps in Latin than its equivalent does in English! He was a widower, and he and his

house with all that it contained—with the exception only of his entomological boxes and cabinets—were wholly ruled over and subjugated by his four daughters.

The poor professor himself was like wax in those redoubtable young ladies' hands. If they had only been entomological specimens, no matter how rare or how unique, he would have known in a moment how to deal with them, but being as they were sufficiently average specimens of the genus youthful Englishwoman of the nineteenth century, he simply yielded himself an easy prey, intrenching himself behind his collections, and leaving the whole weight and direction of social observations to be determined as they in their united wisdom and experience might see fit.

It so happened that it was at an entertainment given by this enterprising family that Boroughdale for the first time found courage to break down that bar which her discretion and his own diffidence had erected between himself and Katherine Holland, and to unfold to her his wishes and his aspirations—a feat which he achieved after a fashion which was entirely his own, and which may fairly be said to have been unparalleled amongst the annals of love-suits.

He had arrived early, and as a not unnatural consequence had been instantly ingulfed by the whole of the Macmanus family, even the professor himself being routed out of his retirement to do honour to his distinguished guest. This our young man endured with passable philosophy for some time, solacing himself by keeping a watchful look-out towards the door by which Miss Holland and her chaperon were bound, he knew, to enter. Even after that event had duly happened, however, he found that his escape was by no means a matter of very easy accomplishment. Youthful marquises were not particularly rife amongst the circles in which the Miss Macmanuses moved, and now that fate had thrust one alive into

their hands they had naturally no idea of allowing him to evade them, showing, indeed, in their watchful clutch not a little of that undaunted and untiring energy which is known to distinguish the objects of their father's research above all other denizens of the animal world. In vain poor Boroughdale made effort after effort to escape; always one or other member of the family engaged his attention; always some new object or person required to be brought before his notice; and when supper-time came he found himself still hedged in by a compact hedge of his too hospitable entertainers, beyond which he could only faintly and intermittently discern Miss Holland across fast diminishing piles of plum cake and quivering mountains of jelly. Now this, as it happened, was just the sort of stimulus which his particular temperament needed. It aroused all that latent, never very far-distant obstinacy which, as all who knew him intimately were aware, formed a distinctly recognisable portion of his character. He grew irritated, he grew silent, finally he grew morose and desperate, and when at last he had effected his escape, and had got up stairs again, all his timidity was for the time being at an end. He stood ready primed for any enterprise, his solecism however gigantic, with that complete and heroic disregard of what might be said or thought or imagined about him, of which only a desperately shy man once thoroughly roused to action is capable.

Marching straight down the middle of the room he advanced upon a sofa, placed immediately below the gas lamp, on which Miss Holland happened to be sitting, in conversation with a long-necked, somewhat weak-eyed young man, a professor of philology, who had lately come up to London from Cambridge. Both started slightly and looked up as he approached, the professor pausing in the middle of a sentence, and pushing back his spectacles with some surprise,

for the new-comer's air was rather that of a man who comes to deliver some supremely important piece of intelligence than of one charged with the ordinary unemphatic nothings of society. Lord Boroughdale was emphatic enough, however.

"This [is] the very first moment I have been able to get near you the whole evening!" he exclaimed, in a tone loud enough to be audible to the entire room, seating himself as he spoke in the chair nearest to Miss Holland, and utterly, in his pre-occupation, ignoring the presence of the unfortunate professor, who, after a momentary gasp of sheer bewilderment, slid gently away and disappeared, leaving the other in full possession of the field.

"You were talking, were you not?" she answered, rather vaguely, at a loss, to tell the truth, what exactly she was to say.

"I wasn't talking, I assure you. I hadn't anything to talk about. Some of the others were talking to me. I wanted all the time to come and sit by you."

Katherine Holland felt a little bewilderment. It was almost as if a new acquaintance had presented himself. The young man who had sat so often *tête-à-tête* with her in her aunt's drawing-room, hardly daring to lift his eyes to her face, seemed an utterly different personage from this bold-eyed, confident-toned young gentleman, whose admiration was almost too legibly visible for so very public an occasion. Boroughdale, on his side, was primed and loaded, full-cock, ready for an avowal. It was nothing—absolutely nothing—to him who might be listening; how many people might be looking on; like a man bent upon some forlorn hope he had come to that point when to go on is immeasurably easier than to turn back. He would know his fate, he vowed to himself, before he left the house that evening, nay, before he left that easy-chair upon which he was then sitting. Even he, however,

needed some starting-point, some vantage-ground, however slight, from which to launch his declaration. It was not very long, however, before he discovered one.

"What a lovely bracelet that is of yours!" he exclaimed. "I never noticed it before. That one, I mean," touching with his finger a broad band of gold clasped with three brilliants which Miss Holland wore upon her left wrist.

"Yes, is it not? It belonged to my mother," she answered, a blush, evoked partly by his manner, partly by the recollection called up by the bracelet, crossing her cheek. It had been parted with in the days of their poverty, and lately found again and redeemed with some little difficulty by herself.

Boroughdale noticed the blush, and it lent him additional ardour.

"There is one uncommonly like it at home," he said. "It belonged to my mother, too. I wish you would have it, Miss Holland," he added, audaciously. "You might wear it upon your other wrist."

This it will be owned for a shy man, was pretty well! Katherine Holland, however, was determined, if possible, to ignore what this evening seemed the extraordinary and unprecedented significance of his manner; so, although rather to her own annoyance she blushed again, she answered lightly—

"Thank you very much, Lord Boroughdale, but I am afraid I couldn't well wear your bracelet, could I?"

"Why not?"

"Well, for several reasons. For one, because it wouldn't belong to me."

"It would if I gave it to you."

"Yes, but then you couldn't well do that, could you? If it was your mother's, it is no doubt part of your family jewels. I have heard that they are particularly fine."

"I don't know whether they are particularly fine or not. There are a great lot of them of one sort or

another." Then there was a little pause, and then like a man rushing full tilt at a fence, Boroughdale burst out, "I'd like you to have them all for the matter of that, Miss Holland." Then, after another momentary pause: "Will you?" he added.

Poor Katherine gave a gasp. Could he possibly have been taking more wine than was prudent that evening? she not unnaturally asked herself. Every one had now come up stairs again from supper; the rooms, neither of them very large, were full to overflowing. Every one, moreover, she could see, had his or her head turned towards the sofa. Every one was more or less on the *qui vive* as to the meaning and the outcome of this most remarkable conversation which was being carried on thus audaciously under their very noses—two of the Miss Macmanuses, who happened to be nearest the sofa, having their heads turned directly towards them with an expression of anything but satisfaction imprinted upon their countenances. To affect to be any longer in doubt as to the goal towards which these remarkably direct observations were tending would have been nothing short of sheer affectation. Unless some stop was then and there put to his proceedings he would be asking her plump to marry him before ten minutes were out, if indeed he might not have been said to have practically done so already. What then, she asked herself, was to be done? Possibly, under other circumstances, she might not have been more averse to such a public act of homage than another woman. At present, however, she was thinking much less of herself than of him. Like all who cared for Boroughdale even slightly, a large share of protectiveness, of a sort of tenderness, mingled with her liking; and to hinder him from making such a ridiculous exhibition of himself before all these inquisitive people—to choke back, if possible, this declaration, which seemed to be even then trembling upon his

lips—became an overwhelming desire, towards which all her energies were immediately directed.

"I don't believe you have ever seen Professor Macmanus's famous collection, Lord Boroughdale?" she exclaimed, ignoring his last remark, and catching eagerly at the nearest chance of effecting a diversion. "Are you aware that it is said to be the richest of its kind in the world? that there are numbers of species in it of which neither the British Museum or the Paris collections have a specimen? You ought not to leave the house without seeing it. Do let me be *cicerone* and show them to you."

But her well-intended efforts were perfectly useless. The young man's pertinacity was not so to be stayed.

"I don't care two straws about the professor's collection, or any other collection," he said, loudly. "I want you to give me an answer."

"An answer, Lord Boroughdale?" poor Katherine said, helplessly.

"Yes, about those things—those—er—jewels we were talking of—my jewels. I want to know whether you will—er—have them, you know; and—er—*me too?*" The last two words were said in a somewhat lower tone, but when Katherine, instead of answering, sat simply staring at him in blank-eyed, open-mouthed dismay, he added, in his previous highly audible tones, "Do say yes;" then, even more distinctly, "You will, won't you?"

This was perfectly appalling! There was a nearly absolute silence in the room. Conversation, it is true, had broken out here and there by fits and starts, but had been lulled again by the overpowering curiosity of the entire company. Far away, at the extreme end of the inner room, an elderly gentleman was to be heard laying down the law to his neighbour about the scandalously crowded condition of the city omnibuses. Even his voice, however, suddenly dropped in the sort of breathless awe which had fallen upon the entire assemblage. That

last appallingly distinct "You will, won't you?" had evidently made itself plainly heard from one end of the house to the other. Had the speaker even been an unknown nobody the situation would not have been without zest, but when it was considered who he was, and what those advantages which were being laid thus publicly at a young lady's feet as though he had been a Corydon and she a Phillis in the safe seclusion of their own native woods and meadows, it must be owned that a certain amount of curiosity was not human merely, but excusable.

Katherine Holland, at any rate, could stand it no longer. She got up, saying something incoherent but decisive about her aunt, and the necessity of going down stairs in search of her—and so saying, moved resolutely towards the door.

Boroughdale, after a moment's pause of bewilderment, followed her, catching her up as she was upon the stairs. She was in momentary terror lest he should begin again upon the same subject; this, however, happily, he abstained from doing, and having found Mrs. Holland, and listened in stoical silence to her elaborate explanation as to the causes that had detained her down stairs, he volunteered to go in search of their carriage, and having found it, and put the two ladies into it, he stood back so as to allow them to drive away.

After all this it need hardly be said that the next afternoon he called at the house in Bayswater! His mood, however, had completely changed in the interval; that overmastering determination, which had seemed strong enough at the time to move mountains and to carry him over a thousand obstacles, had completely gone, and he had fallen back upon all his previous fluctuations of despondency. Oddly enough, now that he was thus seriously and strenuously in love, those more obvious and impersonal advantages which had previously seemed so perilously to overweight any suit he might



prefer, had become of little or no account in his mind. He hardly thought of them in summing up the probabilities for or against a successful issue to his suit. His own stupidity, his awkwardness, his general incapacity for social purposes, all seemed so many rocks which rose up menacingly, at times absolutely forbidding his hoping that that issue would be other than disastrous. It was in this desponding mood that he rang the door-bell that afternoon at Mrs. Holland's house, nor was his previous gloom lightened upon being informed by the prim parlour-maid with that air of satisfaction with which such messages generally are delivered, that the ladies were not at home.

Boroughdale stood still, staring blankly for a moment at the woman, as if in so saying she had uttered something preposterous, something utterly inconceivable, and unheard of; then he turned and slowly descended the steps, and, still like a man in a dream, got into his phaeton, which was waiting at the door, and mechanically gathered up the reins in his hands. Just as the horses were beginning to get into motion, however, he suddenly checked them, flung down the reins so hurriedly that it was as much as the groom, who was mounting, could do to get to their heads in time, and bounced up the steps again.

"I say—er—look here, my good girl," he exclaimed breathlessly, "here is a sovereign for you, and tell me the truth honestly. Did Miss Holland say she wasn't going ever to be at home to me in future?"

The prim parlour-maid utterly taken aback by his so much uncalled for vehemence, opened her mouth and her eyes to their widest extent, and for the moment completely lost her starched demeanour in the extremity of her astonishment.

"Why Good Laws a mussy me, my lord, in course not! Miss Holland she never said nothing of the sort—leastways not to me. She and Mrs. Holland have only gone to the Soho

Bazaar, as I heard missus say she wanted some new hearth-brooms!"

"Oh, that's all right," Boroughdale answered, rather ashamed of his own impetuosity. "You can keep the sovereign, you know; and—er—look here, you can say I'll probably be at the Institution to-morrow evening," he added, as he turned away for the second time.

Next evening, accordingly, he duly appeared in Albemarle Street, arriving late, after the lecture had already begun, and thereby earning for himself not a few unuttered maledictions from the owners of the various skirts and feet over which he ruthlessly trampled on his way to his seat. A place had been reserved for him between Professor Holland and his niece—Mrs. Holland did not care for lectures—into which he dropped, and sat staring blankly into the arena with the expression of a man who has just lost or is expecting to lose every farthing which he possesses in the world.

The lecture was a brilliant one, delivered by one of the greatest of living proficients in that line, and was received with reiterated bursts of applause not unmingled with laughter. As far as Boroughdale, however, was concerned, it might just as well have been uttered in the tongue of the Cherokees or of the dwellers in Cochin China for any single intelligent idea which adhered to him during its utterance. All his thoughts, every idea which he had in his head, being solely and absolutely concentrated upon one point. How was he to get an answer to this ill-fated, this all-important question of his? That it behoved him, being a man and having once spoken, to get such an answer, and, moreover, to get it quickly, was clear to him: but how—his first effort having so egregiously failed—he was to do this was more than he could see. Indeed he shrank from again, as it were in cold blood, adventuring his fate, reflecting, not without a certain measure of satisfaction, that it was



almost humanly impossible that any such opportunity could present itself that evening.

In this, however, he was mistaken. It was the last lecture, as it happened, of that season, and no sooner was it over than the professor, begging them kindly to wait a few minutes for him, hastily descended the steps in order to exchange certain words of wisdom with other black-capped and spectacled sages who, followed by their feminine belongings, were now rapidly converging into the narrow circular space in the centre. Boroughdale and Miss Holland were thus left for the time being absolutely *tête-à-tête*, seated side by side upon one of the red-covered benches. All around them similar red-covered benches were fast emptying of the groups which had lately filled them, the few remaining people being assiduously bent upon discovering stray capes or shawls, so that to all practical intents our two young people were as much alone as though they had been in the centre of the great Sahara.

Something in this sudden sensation of solitude, something in the encompassing yet indistinguishable volume of sound gave Boroughdale sudden courage, and with hands shaking and knees knocking, but with an inward dogged resolution to have the thing out and get it over, he began huskily—

"Miss Holland, er—you wouldn't give me, er—any answer the other evening, will you, please, give me one now?"

He stopped, physically incapable for the moment of uttering another syllable.

Her embarrassment was hardly less than his.

"I couldn't, Lord Boroughdale. Indeed, indeed, I couldn't," she said in a tone of distress. "How could you think of speaking to me upon such a subject before all those people? Didn't you see that they were listening?"

"No, I didn't see it; but if they were, what then? What did the

people matter? I shouldn't have cared for my part if all London had been listening. I'm not a bit afraid of people; I'm only afraid of you."

She tried to laugh.

"I didn't know that I was so very formidable," she said.

"You are to me. When a fellow is awfully anxious about a thing he necessarily is frightened."

Again he waited as if to give her time to speak.

Her words were by no means so ready as they ought to have been.

"Of course I needn't say how very, very grateful I am to you, Lord Boroughdale," she began, hesitatingly.

"That's all stuff," he responded bluntly.

"No it is not stuff at all. I consider it a very great honour; a far greater one than I ever thought of receiving."

"Now look here, Miss Holland, please don't talk like that. You must have seen, at least I think you must have seen, for a good while back that I wanted to speak to you; to—er—say what I said the other night, only that I haven't—er—I mean I couldn't—er—I mean——" He stopped dead short and then began again.

"You must have known, I say, that I cared for you. Any one, I think, would have known it."

"I *didn't* know it, I assure you."

"Well then if you didn't you know it now. It sounds like nothing, I dare say," he went on, "but you don't know what it is to me. I thought all that sort of thing was sheer balderdash, but if so then balderdash is the only thing worth having. I know I'd give every single sixpence I have in the world to get my own way in this. To have——"

Now that he was at last fairly launched he might have gone on for some time longer, but she broke in upon him in a tone of distress.

"Lord Boroughdale, please—please do not say anything more. I am grateful, indeed more grateful than I can say, but——"

"But you don't like me simply;

say it out at once and have done with it."

"I do like you very much, but it cannot indeed—indeed it cannot be."

"Why cannot it be?"

"Because—because of so many reasons. Think how short a time you have known me. And then again——" Her voice, which had been embarrassed, became suddenly firmer. "Remember, what would your own relatives say—remember the difference of our position. People would say that you ought to marry some one nearer to your own rank," the last word being uttered with a clear, almost a contemptuous emphasis.

Boroughdale gave utterance to a sort of a snort of disdain and defiance.

"Rank, stuff! People, bosh!" he exclaimed. "Why, my rank, as you call it, has been simply the bane and nothing else of my life, and it will be ten times over my bane if it is going to come between you and me. No, don't think of what people say, or of any such rubbish and nonsense as that. One thing there is though that I do want to know, that I must ask you, is there any one, some one ever so much cleverer, handsomer, that you've known longer than you have me, whom you like, whom you—er—care for—er—better?"

Miss Holland looked for a moment slightly puzzled, her dark eyes resting full upon his with an expression of inquiry, which, however, gave way a moment later to a slight blush.

"No, Lord Boroughdale, there is no such person," she said decidedly.

"Very well, then, that's all I want to know. If not, it's all right, and there's nothing in the world to hinder your marrying me."

"Forgive me, but there is. As I say you hardly know me."

"I know you quite well enough."

"Well then I do not know you enough, and if you press me for an answer now I must say no."

"All right, then, I won't press you for an answer now, so don't say no.

Look here, I'll promise, if you like, not to ask you again for two months, or three months—any time you choose. Of course I don't imagine it's particularly likely that you'd get to care for me all in a hurry, but I know that I care for you, and I've never yet changed my mind about anything, so that I'm not very likely to begin about this. Unless, therefore, you go and marry some other fellow you'll see that you'll not be able to get rid of me; you'll find me sticking to you like a burr."

She smiled a little.

"I don't know that I particularly want to get rid of you, Lord Boroughdale; certainly not that way."

"Very well then, now you know the only way in which you can, so I give you fair warning. Once I've made up my mind to a thing I stick to it like grim death, and I know that I shall care for you always just as much as I do this evening. However, I don't want to persecute you about it, and I'll go away from London tomorrow and not ask you again for another three months if that will do. Only you must promise upon your sacred word and honour to think of me sometimes in the meantime, and to try to get to like me. Will you?" he added, detaining her resolutely as she was moving down the steps in obedience to a signal from her uncle.

Miss Holland paused, and her eyes, nearly on a level with his, rested full upon his face for a moment with an expression of inquiry. "I promise," she then said gravely, and that was all that passed between them.

#### CHAPTER IV.

BOROUGHDALE kept his word and departed from London the very next day, without even going to take leave of any one. He did not, however, go down to Fellshire, having indeed already made arrangements for otherwise disposing of his summer.

In the course of the last few months he had made acquaintance with a

young man rejoicing in the name of Jephtha Jenkinson, Professor of Comparative Anatomy at that time in the London University, and one of the minor curators of the British Museum. Professor Jenkinson was a very remarkable man in his way, and was destined in many competent people's opinion to fill a very considerable sphere in the future. Of indomitable energy, of iron will, of almost superhuman powers of work, he was curt, he was taciturn, he was ungainly almost to repulsiveness, and a sworn foe above all to social observance of every sort and kind. These latter and less agreeable traits of his it was, to the full as much as the force of his character or the brilliancy of his attainments, that had moved Lord Borroughdale to strike up a sort of intimacy with him. In Professor Jenkinson he seemed to see a sort of second self; a cleverer, an abler, an altogether immensely more largely endowed self, without on the other hand any of those, to his mind, more than dubious advantages which had shaped, and to a certain extent, as he believed, warped his own life and the bent of his own inclinations.

Early in their acquaintance he had ascertained that one of the main objects which the professor had set before himself, was the working out of certain still obscure problems only to be adequately solved by means of a more thoroughly intimate acquaintance with certain equally obscure organisms to be met with at considerable depths in the northern seas. Borroughdale, whose enthusiasm upon such matters was at that time only equalled by his ignorance, had at once offered to fit out a yacht with all the needful appliances for the prosecution of such investigations, and to place them and it absolutely and unreservedly at the professor's disposal, upon the sole condition of accompanying him in the character at once of host and disciple. This proposal had been naturally enough immediately caught at, and by the time the end of the

season arrived all the needful preparations had been made, and the yacht, fully equipped, was lying at anchor at Sheerness, waiting only for her owner and his guest to come on board.

Throughout what remained of that summer, and throughout the early part of the autumn, the two men accordingly lived together upon the yacht, toiling almost day and night at their self-imposed task; dredging often for eight and ten hours at a time, and more often than not with what appeared perfectly inadequate results; blistered with the sun at one time, half frozen with sudden snow storms at another, drenched to the skin with brine and snow, and hail and rain, they still held their way doggedly onward. And by the time the two months they spent together had come to an end, and the professor's aims had to a considerable degree at all events been realised, without perhaps exactly becoming closer friends, each had learnt to feel a certain half-grudging respect for those qualities in the other which each secretly cherished and set most store by in himself.

Paragraphs concerning the movements and objects of the Marquis of Borroughdale's screw steamer, *Cormorant*, had, of course, long before this found their way into most of the society newspapers, and even in more strictly scientific quarters, not a little interest had been evinced with regard to the proceedings of that bird herself, if not of that bird's owner. This species of fame took Mr. Vansittart not a little by surprise. As long as his son had simply contented himself with doing nothing at all, he had always felt that there was a chance of his being some time or other rescued, and turned into, at all events, a passably creditable member of society. When, however, Borroughdale took to cleaning out crabs, and interesting himself about the insides of sea-anemones, then indeed, as we have seen, that unhappy father did feel that all was at an end. A young man—one born to so great a sphere—

who could thus deliberately and wantonly degrade himself, take up with such undesirable, nay, such truly disgusting monomanias as these, was, it was only too evident, hopelessly given over to oddity, and could never henceforward be regarded as anything but a trial, to be borne with all the philosophy which as a man, a Christian, and a father, he was able to summon to his aid.

What then, I say, was his surprise when he discovered that, far from being regarded as feebly, if fortunately harmlessly, half-witted, Boroughdale appeared to be looked upon by a good many people as rather a fine fellow than otherwise, and a distinct improvement upon the average young man of his period. The climax of his parental astonishment came when one day the Duke of Ossian himself—leader at that moment of his own party in the upper House—actually stopped him in the street, when they casually met on their way through London, for the express purpose of congratulating him upon the subject, lamenting loudly at the same time that none of his own sons or nephews showed the smallest inclination to follow in the same direction. "I tell them if they don't look out and bestir themselves they'll be wiped clean out of the record before they know where they are!" that advanced nobleman declared in stentorian tones. "But Boroughdale is upon the right track. I only wish to heaven there were a few more like him!"

All this was very astonishing indeed to that much belauded young man's father, but it is only fair to add that it was eminently gratifying also. And when at the end of his two months' cruise Boroughdale himself reappeared upon the scene, looking older, manlier, more stalwart, with a face as red as a lobster, and a beard of seven weeks' growth upon his chin, Mr. Vansittart experienced a glow of parental pride and satisfaction to which his breast, six months earlier, had certainly been an absolute stranger.

Upon Granville Farquart on the other hand, the effect of this unlooked for ovation was less gratifying than perplexing, and even it must be owned to some degree mortifying. Heaven knows, he said to himself, he didn't grudge poor Boroughdale such small chips of credit as might happen to come in his way! At the same time there was something irritating in a contingency occurring which so clever a man as himself perhaps ought to have anticipated, but certainly never had dreamt of doing so. He experienced too, a little of that aggrieved feeling which a gentleman who has piqued himself upon the liking shown to him, and to him alone, by some ungainly puppy, feels when the puppy suddenly takes to finding out new friends for himself, and even promises to grow up not such a very ill-favoured animal after all!

That by any conceivable or inconceivable possibility he could come to feel jealous of his poor puzzle-witted friend of all men upon earth, was a suggestion which he would honestly have laughed to scorn. Hitherto the latter's more obvious advantages had rather indeed been a source of personal self-satisfaction to him than otherwise. It had seemed only to broaden and deepen the gulf which in less purely material matters yawned so palpably between them. That highly refined form of self-satisfaction which arises from the contemplation of another's advantages, needs however, it may be observed, for its enjoyment that the realm within which we ourselves do elect to shine should be a very broad and a very well-defined one indeed, and it was just here that Farquart for the first time in his life began to feel misgivings.

The result of his first year's campaign with destiny had not, it was useless to deny, been quite as satisfactory as he had anticipated. His pictures, to begin with, had one and all been rejected by the Academy. Well, that, he felt, was only to be expected. To better, or at any rate to older artists, the same thing happened every year.

They had also, however, been rejected by other and distinctly less illustrious exhibitions, and again by others of a lower and yet lower calibre, to which with a sort of dogged resolution he had persisted in sending them. All this had given a certain shock to his aspirations in this direction, and in revenge upon both himself and the world of art he had taken to pen and ink, and had produced essays which certainly could not be said to err upon the side of a too great leniency to the faults and foibles of an ill-judging and pitifully misdirected world. Here also, however, his success unaccountably hung fire. That he was amazingly clever, every one—including even those proverbially detracting individuals, editors—admitted, but somehow the recognition of the fact did not seem to awaken any particular enthusiasm. Either his ideas were too far in advance of those of the rest of the world, or—what was still more likely—his genius was of too pronounced and too original a type, and needed time, therefore, before it could make itself adequately appreciated. At present he had embarked upon a new and a more ambitious literary enterprise, which he had every intention of producing as his *magnum opus*. From time to time, he was visited, however, by shrewd misgivings as to whether this also would achieve quite the amount of success to which its intrinsic merits entitled it. How could he, how could any man, he asked himself, judge of what would or would not go down in a world where a fellow like Borroughdale—a good, well-meaning creature unquestionably, but as every one knew an absolute dunderhead—was lauded to the very skies for such a very ordinary achievement, and all for no better reason but because he happened, forsooth, to be a marquis and a millionaire?

Meanwhile the particular dunderhead in question was far from enjoying that condition of absolute beatitude which those who have never been either marquises or millionaires might

take to be his allotted share. The Hollands were back now, and he himself—neglectful of many and imperative calls elsewhere—lingered on in London, seeing them from time to time, but not again approaching that subject at which he had once rushed with so indiscriminating a zeal. He had grown a good deal older in more ways than one during that summer, and with his growth had come a certain measure of discretion. If possible, he was more in earnest now, more anxious to bring the matter to a successful issue now than he had been then, but his anxiety was tempered with a perfectly novel admixture of discrimination. He wished to feel his way; and if possible in some degree test his ground, before again risking everything upon a single throw. How this testing of the ground was to be accomplished, however, was what for some time he taxed his ingenuity vainly to discover.

Suddenly what he could not help regarding as a piece of providential good fortune came to help him. Sitting late one cold autumnal night over his studies, heedless of the fact that the fire had gone out, Professor Holland caught a severe chill, and awoke in consequence next morning with lungs considerably inflamed, and when the doctor, who for days he obstinately refused to see, at length arrived, he took the matter seriously, impressing both upon the patient himself and his relations the danger of allowing the mischief to go further, and the strong advisability of the winter being, if possible, spent in a warmer climate. The difficulties in the way of carrying out this programme were, however, great, and appeared at first sight to be insurmountable. The emoluments of science are unfortunately small; the professor's own private income was an inconsiderable one, indeed the whole household had of late been subsisting mainly upon Katherine Holland's contributions to the housekeeping, and to make such further inroads upon her store as so lengthened a sojourn abroad



would entail was more than either her uncle or aunt would agree to do. Then it was that Boroughdale came to the rescue. Was there not his yacht doing absolutely nothing? he said. It would be a kindness, nothing short of an act of positive charity to make some use of her. If, too, the professor, accompanied by his wife and niece—the latter merely in a parenthesis—would consent to spend a winter in the Mediterranean, the time need not necessarily be lost. On the contrary the *Cormorant* was, as every one knew, well equipped with all things necessary for zoological investigations, so that from a scientific point of view three or four months so employed might even be counted an absolute gain.

This suggestion the professor was a man of far too self-respecting a turn of mind to clutch at with any indecorous haste. At the same time the offer was too good, and the last-named inducement too overwhelmingly tempting, to be absolutely declined. After a certain amount, therefore, of dignified pro-ing and con-ing it was at length accepted, and Boroughdale posted off in high delight to get everything in readiness for the anticipated cruise.

A few days before their start actually took place he went one afternoon to see Farquart who had not long returned to London, and whom he had only, as it happened, met once since his own return from his northern trip. This time he went with a distinct purpose in his mind. He meant to unbosom himself, and to appeal to their ancient friendship for sympathy in his new hopes. There had of late been an indescribable chill, a certain sense of strain in their mutual relations, of which Boroughdale himself had been dimly conscious, and it had kept him from speaking to Farquart upon the matter that lay nearest to his heart. To-day, however, he had come resolved to let nothing hinder his doing so, and when Lord Boroughdale's mind was once made up it was neither a slight obstacle nor yet a small amount

of discouragement, as we know, which could succeed in turning him from his purpose.

"Well, we start upon Tuesday," he said, after their first greetings, sitting down as he spoke in the nearest chair, which happened to be almost exactly opposite the large square window, through which all that remained of the autumnal daylight was at that moment streaming in a dull grey flood.

"Oh, you do, do you?" Farquart replied, moving away towards the fireplace, and speaking with rather a studied amount of nonchalance. "And how long do you expect to be away?" he added.

"Three months certainly; perhaps four. It will depend a good deal, I suppose, upon how the professor goes on."

Then there was a silence; and then with his usual headlong rush into the very heart of his subject, Boroughdale suddenly burst out—

"I say, Farquart, you know—er—what my—my—er—hopes are about it, don't you?" he exclaimed, and then as suddenly stopped.

"Your hopes about it? Your hopes about what? About your zoology, do you mean?"

"Zoology? No. Hang zoology! I mean, of course, about Katherine Holland."

Farquart, who was still occupying himself with the fire, turned slowly round so as to look more directly at the speaker, whose face, always ruddy, had within the last two minutes become of a finely diffused carmine. Even before Boroughdale had begun to speak he had known perfectly well what he was going to say. He had seen it coming on for a long time back, he told himself, and had therefore, of course, been perfectly prepared for it. What he had not been prepared for, however, seemingly, was to be or even to appear to be cordial in the matter—some indefinable, some unconquerable reluctance appearing to hold him back.

"What about Katherine Holland?"



he said in a tone from which all expression was elaborately banished.

"I—I—er—mean to marry her—at least, I—er—I hope to do so. I have cared for her for months," Boroughdale exclaimed stutteringly, getting suddenly up from his chair and beginning to move aimlessly up and down the room in his excitement.

"Notwithstanding my telling you that her father was only a surveyor?" Even as he uttered the words Farquart knew that they were unworthy both of him and of the subject, but for the life of him he could not keep back the gibe which rose to his lips.

Boroughdale instantly stopped short and turned round frowning ferociously. "What, I should like to know, has that to say to it?" he said haughtily. Then as Farquart did not reply—"I asked, I entreated her to marry me last summer," he added, still in a tone of lofty displeasure.

"You did. And what did she say?"

"She said that she could not then; that she didn't know me well enough; that if I pressed her then she must refuse; so, of course, I said I wouldn't press her, that she might take three months, four months, any time she liked to think about it, and that I would then ask her again."

"Upon my word that was remarkably considerate of you."

Boroughdale's frown deepened.

"What the devil do you mean by that?" he said fiercely. "Considerate! There was nothing in the least considerate about it!"

"It is not at all events the fashion in which a Marquis of Boroughdale is supposed to woo."

If ever the unpretending owner of that highly sonorous title looked like a Marquis of Boroughdale it was perhaps at that moment. He got up from the chair into which he had again thrown himself, took his stick from the corner of the fire-place, and turned towards the door. Near it, however, he paused, thrust his hand into his pocket to feel for his gloves, took one out and began deliberately

to put it on. All at once, he desisted from that operation; wheeled rapidly again, and dropping or rather flinging away the stick from him with a portentous clatter, he came back in two strides across the room, his hand stuck out before him like a pump-handle.

"I say, Farquart old man, what the deuce is the meaning of all this? What—er—ails you to-day? What makes you so desperately cynical and bitter? I thought you'd be glad; that you'd sympathise with me about it. I thought—er—at least I hoped you would like I should marry your cousin. You told me, you know, first thing of all that you hadn't any idea in that direction yourself; if you had I should have kept out of the way. Not, I mean to say, that I should have had any chance where you were in question. Still—" He stopped a moment, and then went on. "Now, however, I can't pretend to give her up to you, or any man, for, upon my soul, I love her, I—er—can't possibly explain to you how much I love her. I can't even begin to imagine what it would be to me to lose her—to lose the hope, I mean, of winning her. I should become—I—er—literally don't know what I should become, I believe I should take to drinking!" He paused again, and then, as if a new idea had suddenly struck him—"For God's sake don't tell me, Farquart, that you are in love with her yourself all this time," he exclaimed, hoarsely.

"I'm not the very least in the world in love with her," Farquart replied in a tone of considerable impatience.

Boroughdale breathed a prodigious sigh of relief.

"Then why can't you be more cordial about it?" he persisted, almost pathetically. "'Tisn't like you, Farquart. You and she are the only two friends I've ever made in the whole course of my life, and I can't afford to lose either of you. Come, speak up, man," he added, in a

tone of urgent entreaty. "What ails you to-day?"

Farquart, to tell the truth, did not himself very clearly know what did ail him. He felt that he *was* behaving quite unlike himself—quite unlike any fashion in which he would have proposed to behave under the circumstances. There was something ridiculous—something perhaps even a little puerile—in this inability to summon the desired cordiality to his lips. What he had just said had been perfectly true. He was not the very least in the world in love with Katherine Holland. He did not want to marry her, did not want, in fact, to marry any one; to do so would have been to put out the whole plan and purpose of his life. Yet none the less he experienced sharp twinges of annoyance, almost amounting to mortification, at the idea of these two being happy, and happy independently, as it were, of him. He liked them—he liked them both—but he liked them as they were. From different reasons both seemed to him in a peculiar sense his own property, and he had something of the aggrieved feeling of a proprietor whose chattels are being disposed of without his sanction. He made an effort, however, to overcome these slightly unwarrantable sensations.

"Of course, my dear Borroughdale, anything that is for your happiness gives me pleasure, that I needn't tell you," he said, with graceful, if somewhat tardy, cordiality. "I wish you all the success you can possibly desire. Katherine Holland is an excellent girl, and deserves all the good fortune she can possibly meet with. I was a little taken aback when you began, but I suppose that was simply due to my own stupidity; no doubt I ought to have been better prepared. Anyhow, I wish you every possible success in your wooing, and the best of good luck to you both. Can I say more?"

Borroughdale's face beamed.

"Of course you can't—of course you can't, old fellow," he exclaimed, seizing

his friend's hand in his own and swinging it to and fro with a vehemence not a little painful to that less indurated member. "Of course not, and I was a fool to doubt you; but then I always *was* a fool, wasn't I? Meanwhile I mustn't stay here any longer now," he went on with a sort of breathless and almost feverish eagerness, "for there are about a hundred thousand things to do between this and Tuesday. But you'll come and see me again, old man, before we go, won't you? Mind, I haven't told a single soul about this yet, not even my father! It wouldn't be fair, would it, till things are settled? Besides, I'm not really a bit too sanguine even now," he added, gripping poor Farquart's hand again in his excitement, and shaking it up and down and to and fro with a will. "Not a bit too sanguine, upon my soul," he repeated at the door, in a tone and with a look, however, which, it must be owned, threw considerable doubt upon his own assertion.

After the door had closed upon him, Granville Farquart sat for a long time in the fast thickening obscurity, the smile with which he had greeted poor Borroughdale's last remark fading away and being replaced by a pucker of discontent which sat oddly and, as it were, incongruously upon the classical perfection of his features. At last, when of the big window near him nothing was left but a large light-coloured blur, he suddenly got up from his seat, pulled the blind down with a rapid jerk, and, crossing the room, rang the bell violently for lamps.

"Nonsense! Of course it will be settled long and long before they return," he said aloud to himself as he did so.

In this judgment I had better perhaps, without further circumlocution, hasten to say he was amply justified by subsequent events. Before even the period of probation had quite come to an end, Borroughdale and Katherine Holland were betrothed, and when

they came back to England they were married.

Mr. Vansittart was at first not a little taken aback at this to him very unforeseen climax of his son's enthusiasm about zoology. Still Borroughdale was now settled in life; there could be no further surprises in that direction, and that consideration alone went a very long way towards reconciling him to the event. Farquart was less easily reconciled. For a long time he maintained a certain attitude of mental reserve towards the young couple, although he never allowed it to appear again so palpably upon the surface as on this occasion, and although after a while he permitted himself to be gradually drawn into much of his former intimacy with both of them. I have not yet heard of any of his pictures having been accepted by the Academy, and his literary *magnus opus* has not yet appeared, or, if it has, an ungrateful public has failed perhaps to recognise it as such. All who know him hold unquestionably, however, that some day or other so able a man will throw all his strength into one effort, and then that the world will possess a new master-

piece, and his friends' hopes will be justified. This also I may state with confidence is his own view. Although so far it cannot certainly be said that Fame has surrendered herself to any of his advances, he is far from feeling that he has as yet thoroughly tried conclusions with that notoriously tricky goddess, indeed at the very moment in which I am writing, he is said to be meditating a new, and this time probably an irresistible, assault upon her entrenchments. Lord Borroughdale's admiration for his gifted and versatile friend has never suffered even a single moment's diminution, although since his own standing in the scientific world has become well established it is tempered by a less absolute and a less crushing self-depreciation than formerly. Farquart still speaks of him to others in a tone of kindly patronage, never failing to do justice to the goodness of his heart, and the invariable excellence of his intentions. As regards Borroughdale's marriage with Katherine Holland, however, he always privately feels that he was badly used.

EMILY LAWLESS.

(Conclusion.)

## REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

A REMARKABLE transformation has occurred on the political stage since the beginning of the month. The successive changes have followed one another with such rapidity that it may be well to set them out, with as close an approach to order as the nature of the case allows. It is true, and in some ways a very satisfactory truth it is, that Englishmen hurry to ascertain the result, and when they know that, they cease to take much interest in the steps that led to it. But when, as now, the result itself is, and will long continue to be, the subject of both much criticism and dispute, it is well to have before us a tolerably clear record of the steps by which it was reached.

It is not necessary to summarise the various leading propositions that have been advanced on the two sides in the course of this prolonged controversy. Enough to recall that in August there was a deadlock between the House of Lords and the House of Commons. Each party professed to desire the enactment of a measure of Parliamentary Reform in its two branches of extended franchise and differently allotted seats. Each party professed to hope and to expect that the two parts of the double operation would take effect for the purposes of a general election at the same time. Where, then, did the difference between the Opposition and the Government arise? "No doubt," said Sir Stafford Northcote at Birmingham (October 13), "there is a disposition on the part of the Government as a whole to bring about some settlement of this question." What was the nature and direction of the resistance to this settlement?

Without reproducing more than two or three passages from the utterances of the Conservative leader, we shall be

able to perceive what were his claims. Lord Salisbury began his share in the autumn campaign on the 1st of October. Speaking at Glasgow, he described the course which he believed that Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell would have taken, and this assumption we may take to be a description of what he insisted that Mr. Gladstone should then do. Those wise statesmen, he said, "would have passed the Franchise Bill during the autumn session, and when it was passed or while it was passing, they would have introduced their Redistribution Bill. They would have sent each of these Bills as soon as they could up to the House of Lords. The House of Lords would have been able to deal with them together."

In other words Lord Salisbury's contention was that the Lords should have an opportunity of handling the two Bills together at the same time. To this Lord Hartington replied in words which are of special importance, for they seem to be the key to the present arrangement:—

"That is no proposal for a compromise: it is a proposal for a surrender on the part of the Government and of the Liberal party. If Lord Salisbury had said that upon the Conservative majority in the House of Lords seeing our Redistribution Bill and satisfying themselves that it was founded upon fair principles, that it was intended to secure a fair representation, irrespective of party, to the whole population, whether in towns or country—if he had said that upon satisfying themselves that the Bill was founded upon such principles, and without pledging themselves to every detail, that it was one which could be made the foundation of a settlement, they would proceed to take up and dispose of the Franchise Bill and then join with us in the consideration of the Redistribution Bill, relying on the good faith of Ministers and upon the good sense of Parliament,—there would in such a proposition as that have been some of the elements of a compromise. I am not in a position to say whether any compromise, or, if any, what compromise, could pos-

sibly be accepted; but I do say that a proposal such as that would at all events have had in it the elements of a compromise which are absolutely absent from the proposal which Lord Salisbury now puts before the country. What is it he asks us to do? He asks us voluntarily to consent that, however just and fair our Redistribution Bill may be, however acceptable it may be to the great majority of the House of Commons, if that Bill should fail either directly through any combination of parties or indirectly by obstruction, from whatever quarter; or, further, if, having been accepted by the House of Commons, that Redistribution Bill is unacceptable to the Tory majority in the House of Lords, then he asks us voluntarily to consent that the House of Lords shall retain in their hands the power not only of wrecking and rejecting the Redistribution Bill, but of wrecking and rejecting the whole and every part of our Reform plan, leaving the Franchise Bill also at their mercy." (October 4.)

A few days later (October 12) Lord Salisbury delivered his rejoinder at Kelso. Though he said that he was pretty sure that if they had only Lord Hartington to deal with, they could come to some settlement, yet he did in effect repudiate the particular settlement that Lord Hartington had suggested. "A Bill," said Lord Salisbury, in phrases marked by his usual mordant characteristics:—

"A Bill is a very interesting study, but until it has passed the House into which it is introduced, it is nothing but an interesting study, for it has no value whatever. We are asked to give the Government a blank cheque, and in exchange for it, they will give us a cheque without a signature. . . . I think we shall want something more than that. I think that when this fair and equitable Redistribution Bill has been introduced, we shall ask that the natural result shall follow,—that that fair and equitable Bill shall also be passed, and when it is passed and sent up to the House of Lords, I have no doubt there will be no difficulty whatever in disposing of both Bills to the satisfaction of the country."

Here we may leave the issue as it stood before the meeting of Parliament. But let us not fail to mark the terms proposed by Lord Hartington in the name of the Government:—

1. The Conservative majority through their leaders to see the Seats Bill and satisfy themselves of its fairness. 2. Then to take up and dispose of the

Franchise Bill. 3. Next to join with the Government in the consideration of the Seats Bill, "relying on the good faith of Ministers and the good sense of Parliament." If anybody will compare the actual arrangement with the arrangement proffered by the Government on October 5, he will find that the one exactly coincides with the other.

Let us return to the intermediate steps. Parliament assembled on the 23rd of October. On November 6, the Prime Minister moved the second reading of the Franchise Bill in a very short but a very pregnant speech. He pointed out that there was a vital difference between the two sides of the House in the relative importance that was attached to the franchise and to redistribution, but that there was no such vital difference, coincident with the party line, in respect of the principles on which the latter measure should be conducted. The question of redistribution is necessarily, he said, one of great complexity. "From its complexity it is necessarily more open to variety, and fortunately, as it is much less a subject of vital differences between the respective parties, we desire, and we not only desire, but we feel that we should endeavour if possible—and I cannot say yet whether it will be possible—to make the measure of redistribution what, unfortunately, we could not make the measure with regard to the franchise, the work, not merely of the majority of the House, but one which should receive the approval of the House at large."

What were the propositions on which both sides were agreed? 1. The settlement of redistribution must, if it was to be decently durable, be a large one. 2. It must satisfy in a considerable degree the principles of population. 3. It ought to be as simple as circumstances would allow, and introduce no needless complexity. 4. It must be equitable and liberal as between England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. 5. It ought to recognise

difference of pursuit among the different classes of the community, or, to put it more plainly and shortly, between urban and rural voters. In reference to the second of these heads, the principles of population would be modified by such considerations as (a) old prescription and historic possession, (b) the concentration of population on the one hand, and its dispersal and remoteness on the other. On such points as these individuals would have different prepossessions, but we feel, said Mr. Gladstone, that they "are points in regard to which prepossession does not amount to principle, and having respect to the great good of a vast enfranchisement being accomplished—if it be accomplished—I think that upon points of that kind regard ought to be had to the prospects of harmony and peace, and the immense advantage of carrying in a great legislative change the largest possible body of friendly and contented opinion."

The Government had not come to a final and collective decision on these points, because they knew that from the moment an official decision is taken there is a danger that considerations of party may come to group themselves around it; and because they were anxious, as long as they could and to the utmost degree, to keep the important points of this question out of that dangerous association.

This was, and was understood to be, a renewal of the invitation to the Opposition to co-operate with the majority in shaping the Seats Bill. It was no new point of view, for besides Lord Hartington's declaration already quoted, Sir Charles Dilke had also said at Manchester (October 15), "I hardly think myself that the Conservative chiefs can have thought out their redistribution figures. We wish they would think them out, because when we know, we will try to meet their views." At a meeting in Westminster, a day or two before Mr. Gladstone's speech on the second reading, Sir C. Dilke had repeated this:—"On the subject

of redistribution itself see what we have said. We have told them, if they will only bring their views to us—if they will only agree among themselves, which they are apparently unable to do—that we honestly and sincerely believe that even upon redistribution we could do a great deal to meet their views, if they will only tell us what their views now are."

In the course of the debate the idea of proceeding by way of preliminary resolutions somehow got into the air. If the two sides would come to some agreement as to the best way of settling the open questions enumerated by the Prime Minister, and could formulate that agreement in propositions assented to by the House of Commons, then, on that being done, the House of Lords would pass the Franchise Bill, and the deadlock would be at an end. But, whether by resolutions or otherwise, it was clear that the Conservative leaders had begun to entertain the idea of co-operation. It became clear, too, to those who were capable of going behind the spoken word, that the inner ring, the governing circle, of the Conservatives, were prepared with views of their own on the method of redistribution. Lord Randolph Churchill referred significantly to certain declarations made by himself, by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and by Lord Salisbury. His own was by far the most direct, unmistakable, and important. "I believe, myself," Lord Randolph Churchill had said at Carlisle (October 8), "that that scheme of redistribution will be most likely to secure the assent of Parliament and the approval of the country which approximates most nearly to a representation based solely upon numbers, and which, while preserving a distinction between the agricultural and manufacturing districts, creates as a general rule single-member constituencies." The conviction gained ground that the Tories were ready to go further in electoral innovation than the Ministers had hitherto thought that Parliament would allow them to go.



Things went no further in the debate on the second reading. The majority in favour of the Bill and the Government was 140—an increase of ten over the corresponding division in the preceding session. The Irish vote, as on previous occasions, was doubtful until an hour or two before the debate closed. If that had gone against the Ministry, the majority would have fallen from 140 to 70—a formidable premonition of what the Irish vote may one day be worth in Parliamentary calculations. The size of the majority made it more probable than before that the Lords would find some way of retreat from their *non possumus*.

Next a moment of reaction ensued. The statement that had been made by one Conservative leader that "the door was open," was repudiated by others, who insisted that the door was fast shut unless Ministers laid their Seats Bill then and there upon the table. The Conservatives had won a contested election in South Warwickshire, and forgot that they had just lost one at Scarborough. For two or three nights their elation and pugnacity were unbounded. Why should we furnish you, they asked, with our views of redistribution? "Such a proposal," said Lord John Manners (Nov. 11), "is a complete and entire novelty, not likely to lead to satisfactory results or to the due discharge of the Ministerial responsibilities of the Government." "If the Prime Minister," he went on, "is sincerely anxious—and I do not for a moment doubt his sincerity in the matter—to obtain the support of a large section of the House for the scheme of redistribution to which he has given his assent, he must wait for the exposition of that approbation until the proper time and opportunity have arrived, and that will be when he submits his scheme on his own Ministerial responsibility to the attention of Parliament. The Government have deliberately, persistently, and for their own purposes, tried to divorce franchise from redis-

tribution. So long as they maintain that position it will be impossible for us to communicate publicly or privately with them on the subject of redistribution of seats."

The Minister in reply said that he had undoubtedly invited communications. How did the case stand, and what was the course desired by him? "Our own course is this—to pass the Franchise Bill, and then be secure of a fair unobstructive treatment of the Redistribution Bill. That is our plan of proceedings. But of that plan you complain, and make use of the power which by sympathy you enjoy elsewhere. You threaten—I do not say you threaten, you give warning—and you are ready to risk the consequences. Under these circumstances, what we have sought is to consider whether we could depart from our own plan and meet your views, and, instead of seeking to give effect to our own political principles and desires, we are asking for communication of your ideas. That is our actually pacific intention." To that intention he still adhered:—

"I have not now said a word averse to accommodation. I have explained and justified the fact that it is honourable, Parliamentary, within our history and our precedents, and within the dictates of reason, when you have no right to charge upon your opponents a vital difference of principle, to invite communications with a view to a more easy and effectual agreement. I will invite them again. If they fail they shall not fail through our fault. If we are not to have peace, at any rate we will leave behind us some record that we sought peace. And we esteem that record of having sought peace with a view to the general interests of the country much more than boasts of our own consistency or appeals to the heated sentiments of political controversy."

At the end of this episode, which had been watched with a certain mystification by some of the Minister's adherents, the Bill was read a third time without a division on Tuesday, November 11. On the following Thursday it was read a first time by the Lords, and the second reading was fixed for Tuesday, the 18th. The interval was a period of tremendous bustle, distracting gossip, and some real

perturbation. The partisans of the Peers vowed that there could be no arrangement, that the Bill would be hung up until March, or else sent back with a clause postponing its operation indefinitely. Many Liberals believed them, under the impression that their adversaries had so much to gain by a dissolution that they would never throw that fine card away. More knowing ones, on the contrary, were persuaded that the moderate Peers were apprehensive of the consequences of a winter agitation against them clenching the October agitation, that the demonstration in the House of Commons on the third reading was hollow and insincere, and that Lord Salisbury would come to terms if the door was still held publicly open. Events proved that these knowing ones were right.

On the morning of Monday, November 17, the newspapers contained an official communication that in the afternoon Lord Granville in one House, and Mr. Gladstone in the other, would let the Peers know something to their advantage. On the following day, at noon, the Opposition were to meet at the Carlton Club to settle the plan of their operations. There was therefore no time to lose. Rising at an unusual moment, so that the two Houses might have the oracle delivered to them simultaneously, Mr. Gladstone, in a few sentences, said what he had to say. The object of the Government was to pass the Franchise Bill:—

"We could not consistently with our sense of duty enter into any understanding, and we could not take any step, as to the immediate introduction or prosecution of a Bill relating to the redistribution of seats, unless it were such as to afford us an adequate assurance that we should thereby secure the attainment of our main purpose—viz., the passing of the Franchise Bill without delay, that is to say, during the present autumnal sitting. Now if we are adequately assured—and I have spoken of adequate assurance—of the attainment of that object—viz., the passing of the Franchise Bill without delay in the sense in which I have explained it, then I am not aware of any demand likely to be made in relation to proceeding upon the other measure to which we should not be able to accede."

What Mr. Gladstone's invitation came to, then, was this. "You insist that we shall lay our Seats Bill on the table. We have always said that we would never do that, until the Franchise Bill was safe, and we will not do it now. If you want to know what our Seats Bill is like, we invite you to enter into private communications as to its provisions. When we have come to an understanding as to that, and if we come to an understanding, then we will produce the Seats Bill and read it a second time, having had an adequate assurance that the Franchise Bill shall at that stage be passed."

Lord Granville's statement was (with one slight exception afterwards set right by Mr. Gladstone) in identical terms:—

"If we are sufficiently assured of obtaining that object (the passing of the Franchise Bill before Christmas)—and I am not aware of any demand likely to be made in relation to proceeding with the other measure to which we shall not be able to accede—we should be ready to make the main provisions of the Redistribution Bill, or even the draft Bill, a subject of immediate friendly communication before its introduction, and to make every reasonable effort for accommodation, with regard to which difficulties would not come from our side; or we should be ready to present a Bill conceived in the spirit of the sketch which Mr. Gladstone gave in the House of Commons, and which Sir Stafford Northcote, on the 7th of this month, seemed to receive with satisfaction. Her Majesty's Government would be prepared to push this Bill with all legitimate speed."

Lord Salisbury, like many persons in the House of Commons, did not understand whether the passing of the Franchise Bill before Christmas was a condition precedent to the proceedings with respect to the Redistribution Bill of which Lord Granville had spoken. Nor did he know whether the agreement between the two sides of the House on the question of redistribution was a condition precedent to the introduction of the Redistribution Bill in the other House.

Lord Granville replied with an excess of oracular brevity, that he answered the first question in the

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affirmative and the second in the negative. In the light of subsequent events it would seem that Lord Granville must have here said exactly the opposite of what he meant. His colleague, the Chancellor, instantly rose, and under the pleasant name of a supplement furnished an immediate contradiction and rectification:—

“As I understand it, if in any satisfactory way we have the assurance which we think indispensable, the Redistribution Bill may be laid on the table of the House of Commons and read a first time as early as any one can desire. If those communications which we invite, desire, and are willing to enter into, in order to arrive, if possible, at a common understanding as to the material substance of the Redistribution Bill take place, of course a reasonable time must be allowed for those communications. If it is thought inexpedient that such communications should take place, and if those who have determined that matter desire us to produce on our own responsibility the Bill which, without assistance, we can produce, that can be done at the earliest possible moment after we have that assurance which is the necessary condition of our proposals.”

We may wonder that men of business could not express the terms of a bargain in more plain and intelligible speech. But laymen often experience the same wonder in respect of legal instruments. Yet those who know the pitfalls incident to what is called plain speech in complex matters, agree that a little circumfusion of words may sometimes be convenient. However, the Conservative leaders were not disposed, as for some reason or other they had been in the previous week, to shut the door, or to act on Lord John Manners's rejection of private communications. The same evening Mr. Arthur Balfour was commissioned to ascertain from Lord Hartington “whether an entire surrender of our liberty with respect to the Franchise Bill was a condition precedent to any consultation as to the details of the Redistribution Bill.” Here was the question actually submitted to Mr. Gladstone:—

“An essential part of the arrangement proposed by the Government is that the leaders of the Conservative party should pledge themselves to pass the Reform Bill through the

House of Lords this session. Before arriving at any opinion on the merits of this proposal, it is necessary to have it clearly determined whether the pledge is or is not to precede an agreement in regard to the provisions of the Redistribution Bill—in other words, *would the Government's proposal, if accepted, render it possible for the House of Lords to be committed to the Reform Bill, and subsequently to find that no common understanding with regard to redistribution could be arrived at between the two parties.*”

Here is the answer written by Lord Hartington from Mr. Gladstone's words:—“We should receive a request for consultation in a spirit of trust, and, assuming that the intention was to come to an agreement, should not ask for an adequate assurance beforehand.” That is to say,—fitting the answer more exactly to the question,—the House of Lords would not be committed to pass the Franchise Bill, if they could not arrive at a common understanding after consultation as to the Seats Bill. If no such understanding could be reached, Lord Salisbury would feel himself justified in assuming that “we shall be at the end unbound by any pledge and stand precisely in the position in which we stand now.”

Is the answer written down by Lord Hartington at nine o'clock, inconsistent with Mr. Gladstone's words at half-past four o'clock? We could not, he told the House of Commons, enter into any understanding as to the immediate introduction of the Seats Bill, “unless it were such as to afford us an adequate assurance that we should thereby secure the passing of the Franchise Bill during the present autumnal sitting.” That is what he said at half-past four. At nine what he said was that if Lord Salisbury requested a consultation, and expressed his wish to enter into communication, the Government would regard that request as an expression of an intention to come to an agreement (on the Seats Bill), and treat it as an adequate assurance (that the Franchise Bill should be passed during the present autumnal sitting).

We may say what we please as to

the policy of the agreement, and what we please as to the wisdom of construing the mere entrance upon negotiation as an adequate assurance that the Franchise Bill should be passed before Christmas. But it is impossible to say that there is any sort of discrepancy between the Minister's announcement and the arrangement ultimately concluded. Nor is it easy to find any practical discrepancy between the agreement now accepted and the terms offered by the Government in October and refused. "If Lord Salisbury had said that, upon the Conservative majority in the House of Lords seeing our Seats Bill and satisfying themselves that it was founded upon fair principles, then, without pledging themselves to every detail, they would proceed to take up and dispose of the Franchise Bill, and next join with us in the consideration [in Parliament] of the Seats Bill, relying on the good faith of Ministers and the good sense of Parliament—there would have been the elements of a compromise." These words of Lord Hartington in October contain the whole substance of the arrangement that has at last been made.

As things now stand, Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote are communicating their views on a Seats Bill in the shape of *pourparlers* in Downing Street, instead of through speeches and amendments in the two Houses. When the Seats Bill is framed, it will be introduced into the House of Commons, and carried as soon as may be to a second reading. When that stage has been reached, the Franchise Bill will be passed in the Lords. Next year the Commons will go into Committee on the Seats Bill. By Easter or Whitsuntide at latest, the Bill ought to have become an Act, and a few months after that a new Parliament chosen on a radically transformed system would be sent to Westminster.

It is impossible to measure the expediency of what has happened without reference to what would have

happened otherwise. How would things have stood if the settlement had not been reached? The Franchise Bill would have been checked in the House of Lords by some amendment that the Commons and the Ministry would not have accepted. In that case, the probability is that Ministers would have resigned. The other party would then have come in, and, as one of their leaders said in the recent debates, would have dissolved Parliament within a week. If events should not have moved in this course, still a dissolution would in any circumstances have been the only practical issue from the deadlock, whether in January or after a third rejection or suspension of the Franchise Bill. Would such a dissolution have strengthened the present majority in the House of Commons? That would hardly have been possible. In the counties there are several extremely adverse influences. The farmers are longing for a protective duty on imported grain, and this they know that they will never get from Mr. Gladstone, whether or not they would get it from Lord Salisbury. Nor can we expect them to be very keen for the enfranchisement of the labourers, village mechanics, and other classes who have hitherto been shut out from the vote. In the counties, then, it is indisputable that the Conservatives had every prospect of a considerable gain. The boroughs were swept by the Liberals in 1880; here they could gain nothing, and they might possibly lose something. The elections at Scarborough and Hackney seem to show that the political opinion of the boroughs remains where it was, but it is worth while not to forget Brighton. Certain loss in the counties might, then, have been accompanied by loss in the boroughs. There would have been a considerable displacement in Ireland of a kind not favourable to the Government. All this is an old story, but it is important that it should not be overlooked. Many of the Conservatives were keenly alive to these considerations and the hopes

which they were well calculated to inspire. On the evening before the meeting of the party at the Carlton Club, after the Ministerial offer had been made, when the whips were busily canvassing their men, they found in many quarters a strong feeling against acceptance. County members hated the franchise honestly on the merits. Many fiery spirits saw in concession the loss of a splendid chance of an election on Egypt, Gordon, and the Transvaal. But the borough members and the apprehensive peers, especially peers from Ireland, were too many for them.

The certain effect of an appeal to the existing constituencies would have been to give to the Conservatives an increased voice in the settlement of Reform, even if it had not been to give them a decisive voice. It is true that the temper of the Liberals, whether they had come back to Westminster as majority or minority, would have become more zealous and more fervid, and they would have been charged more directly with an imperative mandate against the Lords. But a House of Commons returned by the present constituencies would never have furnished the machinery by which that mandate could have been carried into execution. Those, therefore, who either complain or boast the loss of an opportunity of dealing with the hereditary branch of the Legislature, must first show that the opportunity really existed, and in what sense. What did exist was an opportunity of ripening public opinion and awakening popular feeling as to the position and the performances of the House of Lords. That opportunity can hardly be said to have been neglected. Further proceedings must wait for improvement in the legislative machinery. The delay will perhaps not be very long. When the present projects of Parliamentary Reform have been effected, questions will speedily arise in which the two Houses are sure to come into conflict, and the patience of the new voters will not be improved

by the recollection that they never would have had votes at all if the majority in the House of Lords could have prevented it.

Meanwhile, there can be no doubt that the arrangement between the two sets of leaders, and the undertaking on the part of the Government to treat the passing of the Seats Bill practically unaltered, unless alteration be desired by the Opposition, as vital to the existence of the Ministry, may be a grave innovation. It is of no avail to argue that all Bills are concocted in Cabinets out of the view of Parliament. The point is that Cabinets are, and should be, open to the influence of discussion. They alter and improve their measures in consequence of Parliamentary criticism. In this case the minority will be able to prevent the majority from altering a comma, on peril of turning out the Minister. That this circumstance should be viewed with considerable uneasiness in both camps was to be expected. Men can only say to one another, by way of reassurance, that many arrangements that are equivocal in their description turn out not ill in operation.

We have given so much space to the great event of the month, that not much more is left for minor incidents. None of them can compare in moment with the solution of the gravest domestic difficulty that has arisen in these realms for the last fifty years. But much that is interesting and important might well have attracted our attention, apart from the contest for a new extension of popular liberties in our borders. The Nile Expedition makes slow and painful way; Gordon, who is within some ten days' communication with Lord Wolseley, was holding his own at Khartoum up to the first week in the present month; there is no doubt left of the unfortunate end of the courageous and sensible Colonel Stewart; and the public have been assured by the form of Lord Wolseley's instructions that if he ever gets to Khartoum, he is not to stay



there until he has performed the Sisyphean task of establishing a finally settled government in that desperate region. More intractable even than the cataracts of the Nile and the deserts of the Soudan, the problem of Egyptian finance remains exactly where it was before Lord Northbrook's mission. His report has not been made public officially, but its general scope is pretty generally understood to mean that the interest of the debt is not to be reduced, that Great Britain is to make or to guarantee an advance of seven or eight millions for temporary purposes, to forfeit a portion of her own interest on the Canal shares, and to pay the expenses of the army of occupation. These proposals are believed to have incurred the inflexible disapproval of Mr. Gladstone and others among his colleagues in the Cabinet; the subject is undergoing reconsideration just as if Lord Northbrook had never left the Admiralty; and all that we know is that a scheme is in hand that will involve some change in the Law of Liquidation, and will therefore be submitted to the Powers. The honest public is slowly finding out, as it watches these restless attempts to hit on some resettlement of Egypt, that whatever England might have been free to do in the winter after Tel-el-Kebir, she is now not absolute in the Egyptian question, but has others to reckon with. The addition of a penny to the income-tax is a still more effectual reminder of the nature of the task which we have undertaken. It is satisfactory at any rate that the middle class, who weakly yielded to the Forward school, will have to pay for it, and that the working class to whom the Egyptian scrape has been suspicious from the first, and is now becoming thoroughly hateful, will only suffer indirectly. But the workmen are well aware that these indirect effects of the Forward policy fall heavily on them. When people scream into our ears that the coming democracy will be all for a policy of adven-

ture, we take leave to think that Mr. Burt and Mr. Broadhurst know more about the sentiment of the working classes than most other people, and we notice that they invariably go into the lobby against every scheme or shadow of a scheme of that description.

Three quarters of a million pounds have been voted for the expedition that has started to drive the freebooters off the lands of a Bechuana chief. If it is necessary to spend so much as that, we shall then find ourselves embarked in an enterprise that may yet cost us some millions more, and leave us with new complications in South Africa not less difficult than those which tease us in the North. Meanwhile, clever speculators and other astute gentlemen from the Cape are busily employed in London and elsewhere teaching degenerate Englishmen the virtues of patriotism. The Cape bondholder is in a very small way of business compared with the Egyptian, but the policy is beautifully alike in the two cases. Land-jobbers, railway jobbers, political intriguers, are hard at work in earwiggling politicians, getting hold of editors, and rousing the pious rage of the friend of the native. They are exploiting the Jingo sentiment, the philanthropic sentiment, and the commercial sentiment, all with a view of making a tool of the English taxpayer for mercenary purposes of their own.

For the moment we can only hope that the Cape Ministers will make such terms with the Transvaal that Sir Charles Warren's forces will only go out to have the pleasure of returning home; and that the chivalrous patriots who have been picked up in Leicester Square at the low rate of a couple of shillings a day will be shot back on our own shores again, where they will at any rate be less mischievous than they would be in Bechuanaland. Montsioa and Mankoroane would find it uncommonly hard to keep a grip of their holdings after their deliverers from Leicester Square

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had once got fairly among them. The untold blessings that English philanthropic intervention has brought upon Zululand are known to all men. Sir Charles Warren himself may be able to do something to mitigate the pace of the inevitable dislodgment of the natives from the soil, and everybody now sees how great a pity it was that he was not sent out eight months ago instead of the well-intentioned but over-zealous Mr. Mackenzie. We shall, perhaps, find room for the story of the last twelve months when the present suspensory stage of the business has come to an end. Meanwhile, we commend to notice some excellent words from an article in the *Times* newspaper a year ago, as the moral of all these doings:—

“We are told now that if we do not protect the Bechuanas we abandon our colonists at the Cape. We were told in the same way that the annexation of the Transvaal was necessary for the protection of the Cape, then that the Zulu War was called for on the same grounds, and then that granting the independence of the Transvaal was the true way of basing colonial progress upon justice and peace. There is no abandonment of the Cape implied in our refusal to fight the Boers for the preservation of Bechuanaland. What sort of expedition could we equip with twenty years' purchase of the net profits? The truth is that all this nervous anxiety on the part of the mother country about the remote and constructive interests of a colony has much the same effect politically as Protection has commercially. It tends to hinder that healthy growth which naturally belongs to the circumstances and locality. If the Cape Colony is so far superior in its treatment of the native races, as we gladly believe it to be, it will go on growing in strength and assuming the position of a great South African Power. It will be strong in the willing allegiance of native races elevated not merely by a varnish of doctrine, but by familiarity with all that civilisation has to teach. The Boers, on the other hand, will remain by an inexorable moral law a people debased by tyranny and isolated among races debased by slavery. They will have no more chance against the Cape Colony than had the planters of the Southern States with their subject population of slaves against the free people of the North.”

The important Conference on the settlement of affairs on the West Coast of Africa was opened at Berlin in the middle of the month. Not

only the European Powers but the United States have a place at the council table. The object of the Conference is to secure the fullest freedom for navigation and commerce for the Congo, the Niger, and so far as possible to the other rivers. This freedom is to be attained by the application of principles laid down at the Vienna Congress in the regulation of the navigation of the Danube and the Elbe. In other words the free navigation of the Congo will be under some collective international guarantee. How the claims of Portugal will be dealt with precisely is not yet clear. The Niger will also be declared free for navigation and commerce, as it is free already. The English representative will, however, resist every proposal of international supervision in that case, because this country claims rights on the Lower Niger under agreements made with native chiefs, by which these chiefs have accepted the protection of Great Britain. As Great Britain is a free-trade country, there could be no necessity for internationalisation. It is to be hoped that Prince Bismarck will ask no inconvenient questions as to the exact date and manner of the acceptance of a British protectorate by the native chiefs on the Niger. If he were anxious to raise a quarrelsome discussion on this branch of the subjects before the Conference, the grounds are not wholly absent. Some comment has been excited by the words used by the Emperor in opening the first session of the new German Parliament. The Empire, he said, was beginning to fulfil its colonial aspirations, and “in agreement with the French Government” he had invited to Berlin representatives of most of the maritime nations to deliberate on the means by which trade with Africa may be promoted without disturbance by international disputes. The peculiar mention of France in such a conjunction has been taken by those who were already in a certain humour as a rebuff to Great Britain. But Prince Bismarck

is most likely still the honest broker, and at present the Berlin Conference promises to end in a rational agreement on points that might, by neglect and delay, have grown into formidable difficulties at some future day.

In the affairs of his own country Prince Bismarck has had his predominance reassured by the result of the elections to the Reichstag. The Socialists have won a surprising victory, no doubt, having gained some twenty seats, mostly from the Progressists, or economic and political Liberals. Considering that for four years the law has been in operation for putting down Socialism with an iron hand, the result is no more encouraging to repressive methods than the result of the corresponding method against the Catholics has been.

Important elections have been held in other countries besides Germany. Mr. Cleveland has won a majority of the electoral colleges, and will formally enter office as President of the United States in March next. The Republican party which has been in power for a quarter of a century, more or less, has performed vast historic achievements. But virtue had at last gone out of it, as virtue does go out of parties; it had become contaminated with elements of speculation and jobbery; and a sufficient number of independent citizens had become convinced of this to break through party ties, throw over the candidate of their own side, and vote for a man whose name they identified with the cause of administrative purification. That the Democrats as a party have not acquired new strength in the several States, is shown by the fact that they have at the same time lost thirty seats in the House of Representatives.

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Hence we shall see a Democrat President with a Republican Senate and a House in which the Republican element has just received an accession of power. Among the consequences of such a situation will be that there will be no real movement towards that Free Trade which English manufacturers and exporters have been for so long waiting, but which perhaps they will not find so agreeable when in the fullness of time it comes to them and brings with it the free competition of America in neutral markets.

The elections in Holland and in Switzerland have left the balance of parties so nearly where it was, that we might think that small self-governed States were the least perturbed in the world, if the antagonisms in Belgium did not furnish a hint that perturbations are sometimes independent either of political constitutions or geographical dimensions. The Clericals who were so exultant a month or two ago, are now dejected at the discovery, which they ought to have made at the time, that their famous victory at Brussels would not suffice to give them the power of trampling their Liberal foes under foot. The Communal elections have gone against them; the two Ministers dearest to them have been displaced; and M. Malou, the veteran leader of the party has resigned. "After forty years," he said, "of devotion to the Crown and liberty, against the attacks of Liberalism and Radicalism, I have had enough of it." His successor, M. Beernaert, is a satisfactory personage to the Clericals, and for the time a storm that threatened violent danger to Belgium has subsided, just as our own domestic storm here has, for the time at all events, subsided.